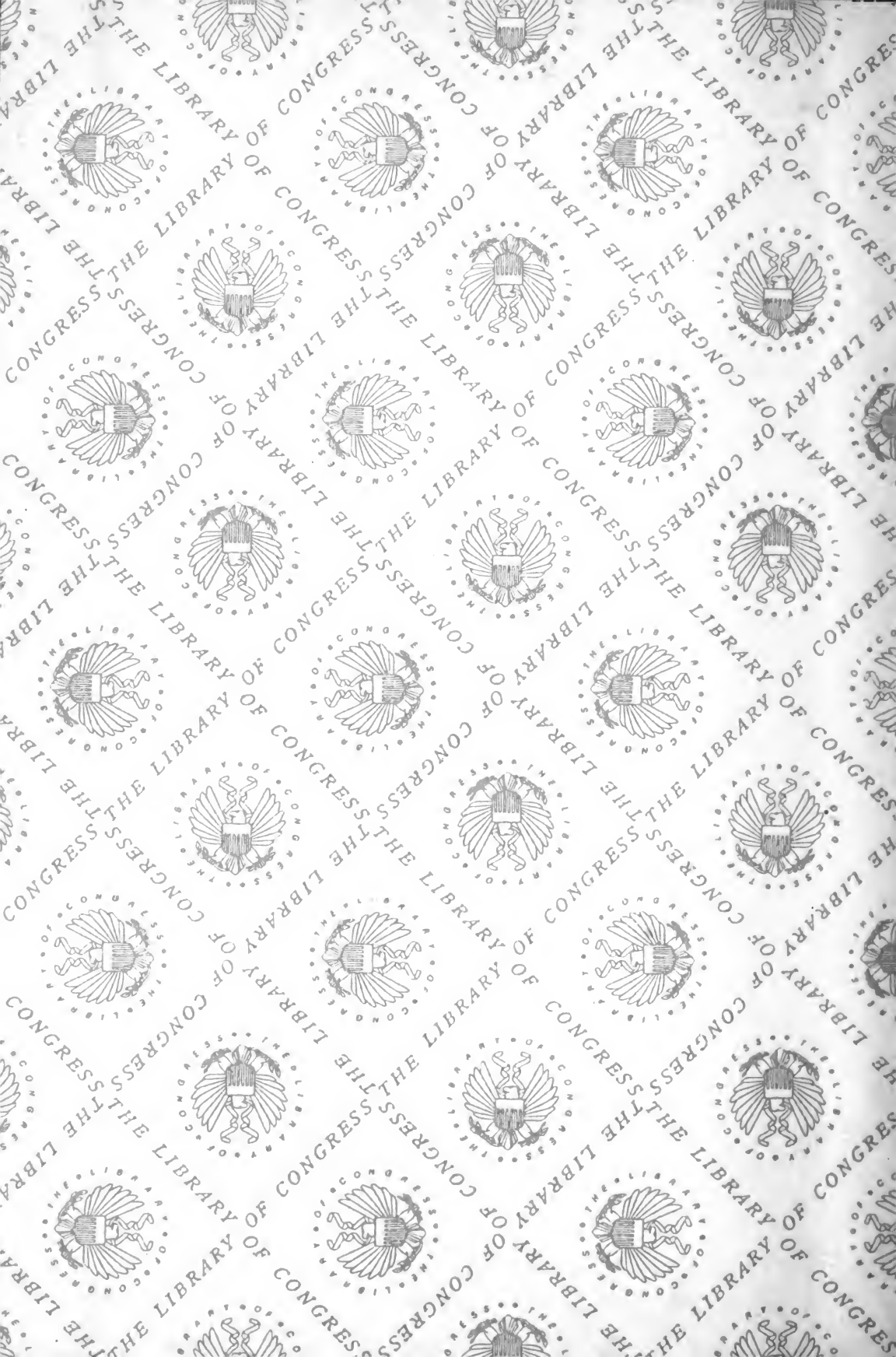
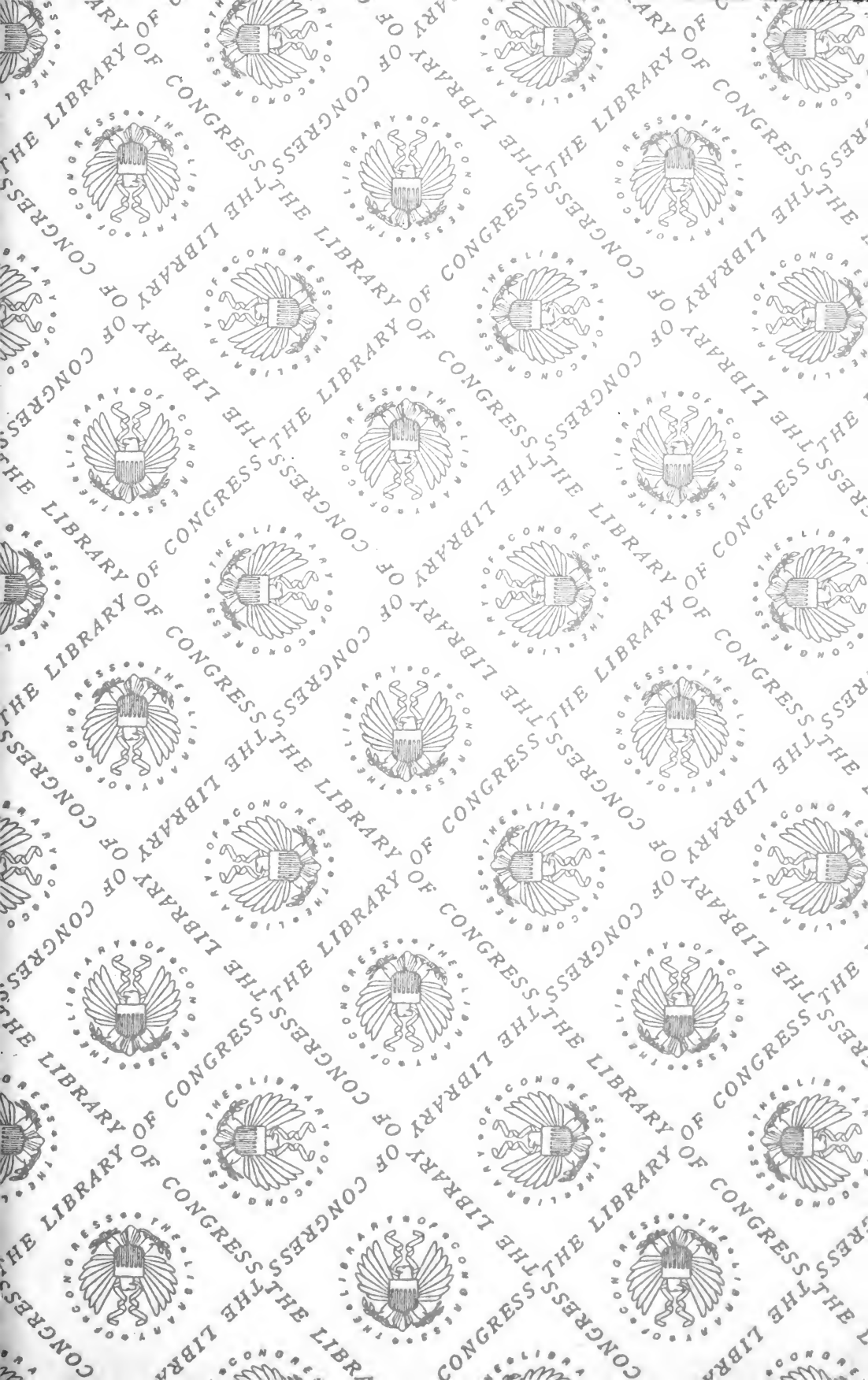


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NO PLAYS EXCHANGED.

ALTA
SERIES

Aaron Boggs,
Freshman

PRICE 25 CENTS

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T. S. DENISON & COMPANY, 154 W. Randolph St., Chicago

AARON BOGGS, FRESHMAN

A COLLEGE COMEDY IN THREE ACTS

BY

WALTER BEN HARE

AUTHOR OF

*"A College Town," "A Rustic Romeo," "Savageland,"
"The Fascinators," and "A Southern
Cinderella"*

Dedicated to
my brothers in Alpha Tau Omega,
my pals in Theta Nu Epsilon and
my associates in Phi Beta Kappa.



CHICAGO
T. S. DENISON & COMPANY
PUBLISHERS.

1913

540

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1913

AARON BOGGS, FRESHMAN

CHARACTERS.

AARON BOGGS.....*A Freshman from Splinterville*
HAPPY JIMMIE JAMIESON.....*A Susceptible Junior*
BEAU CARTER.....*A Prominent Senior*
PEPPER JERVIS.....*Studying Repose at College*
EPENETUS P. BOGGS.....*A Pillar of Splinterville*
MR. CHUBB*Born Tired*
CASEY JONES*A College Politician*
SECOND-HAND ABEY.....*Who Does his Friends Good*
MISS ELYZABETHE MAUDELLA FEENY, *nee Lizzie Feeny..*
.....*A Waitress, but a Perfect Lady*
MRS. CHUBB*A Boarding-house Keeper*
MRS. PICKENS*Likewise*
MISS EVELYN NEWCOMB.....*A College Belle*
LOIS HUNTER.....*A Girl's Friend*
CHERRY CARRUTHERS.....*With a Changeable Heart*
LORETTA REA*A Romantic Junior*
MISS DOLLIE DE CLIFFE, *nee Chubb.. A Vaudeville Queen*
Students, Co-eds., etc.

PLACE—*Any Small Co-educational College.*

TIME—*The Present.*

TIME OF PLAYING—*About Two Hours and Thirty Minutes.*

NOTICE—Production of this play is free to amateurs, but the sole professional rights are reserved by the Publishers.

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SYNOPSIS.

ACT I—The College Campus.

In college years, when life's at Spring,
The old love seems a little thing,
And heads are turned by the college whirl,
And the Freshman seeks a college girl.

ACT II—A College Boarding-house.

Off with the old love, on with the new,
But often the newer love won't do.
The sweetest rose is the old rose pressed—
And I sometimes think that the old love's best.

ACT III—Same as Act II.

For a college life is a thing apart,
And a college love is a whim o' the heart.
But the heart beats true, though the world seems slow,
When you love the girl that you used to know.

SYNOPSIS FOR PROGRAM.

ACT I—The campus on the opening day of school. Upper classmen on the fence sing college songs. The new football star. "They captured him in the railroad shops and the coach has entered him in the domestic science department." "He's going to take plain sewing and cross-stitch, but he can bite off the ears of any two football centers in the State at the same time!" Abey, the second-hand man, does the students good. "I'm down for Elocution and Greek art, and I always take English I, I've had it three years!" Elyzabethe Maudelia makes a few remarks on the higher education. "I don't know who you are, little Cutie Cut-up, but I presume your name must be Mountain Air, because you're so fresh." Cherry longs for Dayton and Harold. The College Queen holds her court. Paw brings Aaron to college. "He graduated from the Splin-

a.m.p., Feb. 14, 1933. uncat.

terville High School in June and made one of the finest addresses ever heard on the Splinterville platform." Aaron is hazed and Lizzie Maud meets an old beau. "Got the rope? Now for the lake!" A slight mistake. "Lizzie Maud, you're a fairy princess!"

ACT II—Casey Jones, the college politician, decides to run Aaron for president of the Freshman class. "If I'm elected I'll follow convictions and not instructions!" To college landladies. "Slaving fer eleven students and every one a hyena in a Norfolk jacket." "I got oatmeal to burn, and sometimes I do." Mr. Chubb learns Mrs. Pickens' opinion of him. Beau receives a telegram. "He is the grandson of Stephen J. Boggs, the multi-millionaire." "Only twelve million? I wonder how he manages to live!" The rush begins. The Vaudeville Queen takes a short vacation. The College Queen makes a hit with Aaron to the disgust of the faithful Lizzie Maud. "Farewell, farewell, my own true love!" The serenade. "Why did I ever send that telegram? It's all over, it's all over!"

ACT III—Cherry and Happy make fudge and incidentally love. "You don't think that I'd try to jolly you, do you?" Aaron elected president and Lizzie Maud prevents a quarrel. "If you're ever going to be a society success, you can't be talking to a hired girl." "I resign right now—you see I thought you wanted me for myself, not for my grandfather." Chubb brings home the load, but forgets the wood. "Me working like a slave and him downtown making a human faucet out of hisself!" Cherry and Happy find the Promised Land. "She said she'd take me on one condition—that was easy, I entered college with six!" Aaron and Lizzie Maud. "It's taken me quite a while to learn where I belong here at college, but at least I've found myself—and I've found you!"

STORY OF THE PLAY.

On the opening day of a small co-educational college in the Middle West a congenial group of students are assembled on the historic college fence. Prominent among the number are Beau Carter, one of the "big" men of the college, and Pepper Jervis, who came to school to learn repose. After some good-natured chaffing Happy Jimmie Jamieson, the most popular boy in college, arrives. He announces his intention of becoming a grind and, replying to the persiflage of the crowd, says that he is to be married as soon as he leaves school. Jimmie, however, is noted for his *affaires d'amour* and soon is busily engaged flirting with a homesick little Freshman from Dayton, O. Miss Cherry Carruthers (the little Freshman) is also engaged to a man back home, but is very glad to receive the attentions from the gallant Jimmie nevertheless. Quite a crowd of students and co-eds are assembled by the fence when Mr. Epenetus P. Boggs arrives bringing his son Aaron to college. The students have Mr. Boggs make a speech and promise to give Aaron a warm welcome. Mr. Boggs departs for his native village of Splinterville and Aaron is left to the tender mercies of the upper classmen, who immediately proceed to haze the Freshman. The heroine of the play, Miss Elyzabethe Maudelia Feeny, a very lady-like waitress, is also from Splinterville, where she was known as Lizzie Feeny. She encounters Aaron and by a clever subterfuge saves him from a ducking in the lake and causes the hazers to duck one of their own number, whom they mistake in the dark for Aaron.

Act II shows the interior Mrs. Chubb's select boarding-house for students. Aaron has procured rooms here and is snubbed by the more aristocratic clientele until Beau Carter receives a telegram informing him that Aaron is the grandson of Stephen Boggs, an eccentric multi-millionaire. He immediately becomes the lion of the school

and is shown marked favors by Miss Newcomb, the college queen. His old sweetheart, Lizzie Maud, is forgotten in his newly acquired popularity and he is invited to become a candidate for president of the Freshman class.

Act III shows the rapid progress of the love affair between Jimmie and Miss Carruthers and the despair of Lizzie Maud as she realizes that Aaron has entirely moved from her horizon. Aaron is elected president of the Freshman class but the boys discover that the telegram was a hoax and that he is no relation to the multi-millionaire. They immediately give him the cold shoulder and Aaron at last finds his true place in the college world and finds the faithful Lizzie Maud waiting for him.

CHARACTERS AND COSTUMES.

AARON BOGGS—Aged about eighteen, a slow, ungainly, awkward country youth, very timid in a crowd but with certain ideas of his own and a fearlessness in expressing them. In Acts I and II he wears an ill-fitting "best" suit of light checked material. Trousers too tight and too short, bright socks and ungainly shoes, celluloid collar, store-made tie, very short vest and coat much too small. Funny, old-fashioned derby hat. In Act III he is entirely changed and is dressed in the full regalia of a typical college sport. Extreme style.

HAPPY JIMMIE JAMIESON—A bright, snappy college lad of about twenty. Very well dressed and "smooth." Different fall suit in each act.

BEAU, PEPPER and OTHER STUDENTS—Similar to Jimmie Jamieson.

BOGGS—Aged about fifty. Make-up like a small town merchant in his Sunday clothes. Somewhat exaggerated but not indicating too much of the stage rustic. Large valise, umbrella and old silk hat, bandana, etc.

CHUBB—Age fifty, gray wig and whiskers. Generally dissipated look. Clothes somewhat worn.

ABE—Typical Jew make-up. Derby hat pulled over ears. Old clothes. Carries a bundle of clothing.

LIZZIE MAUD—Aged about nineteen. Dress made in ultra fashionable style but of gaudy colors and very cheap material. Much cheap jewelry. Hair arranged in an exaggerated fashion. This part is intended as a caricature and cannot be costumed too outre.

MRS. CHUBB—Stout lady aged about forty-five. White hair. Spectacles. Three changes of costumes suitable to scene. Dresses rather old-fashioned.

MRS. PICKENS—Thin lady of about forty-five. Eccentric street costume and "old-maid" make-up. Speaks very decisively.

THE GIRLS—Acts I and II, pretty campus dresses and hats suitable for autumn. Act III, pretty party dresses.

PROPERTIES.

ACT I—Green carpet down. Flower beds made of boughs and artificial flowers. Practical fence. Two garden seats. Luggage for Happy. Clothing for Abey. Tobacco and papers for Pepper. Catalogue for first student. Parasol for first girl. Catalogue for Cherry. Box of divinity candy for Lois. Large watch for Epenetus. Wallet and silver dollar for Aaron. Long rope for Happy. Handkerchief masks for Happy, Pepper and students.

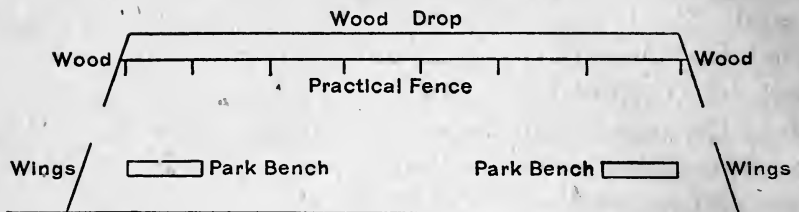
ACT II—Carpet down. Old-fashioned furniture, pictures, pennants, pillows, etc. Telegram for Chubb. Step ladder for Chubb.

ACT III—Fudge cooking in chafing dish.

NOTE—The songs in this play are all sung to airs familiar to nearly everyone. They can be found in the book "Home Songs," which we will send postpaid upon receipt of price, 50 cents.

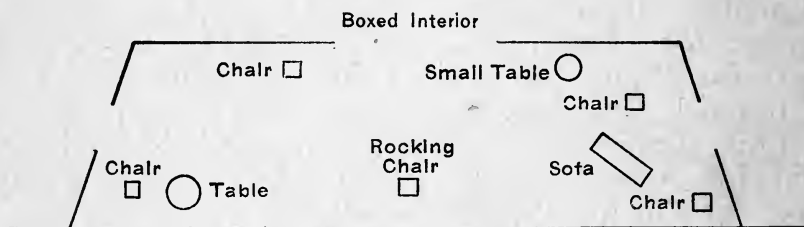
SCENE PLOT.

Act I.



If it is desired to elaborate the scene a flower bed of geraniums may appear down R. and a large tree down L. with a circular seat. Green carpet down and grass mats and potted plants (pots covered) around stage. Flower bed may be easily arranged with green boughs and artificial flowers.

ACTS II AND III.



NOTE: For Act III the rocking chair is moved from C. to up L. and the small table is moved from up L. to L. C. for fudge.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R. means right of the stage; C., center; R. C., right center; L., left; 1 E., first entrance; U. E., upper entrance, R. 3 E., right entrance up-stage, etc.; D. F., door of flat or back of the stage; up stage away from footlights, down stage, near footlights. The actor is supposed to be facing the audience.

AARON BOGGS, FRESHMAN

ACT I.

SCENE: *The college campus on the opening day of school. Wood wings and background. Across the rear runs the college fence, whitewashed and wide enough to sit on. This fence is about three feet high and may stand close to back drop, as no character passes behind fence. Entrances R and L. Down L. near the stage is a common park bench and a similar bench is down R. If it is desired to elaborate the scene a flower bed of geraniums may appear down R. and a large tree down L. with a circular seat. Green carpet down and grass mats and potted plants (with pots covered) around stage. A large flower bed may easily be arranged with boughs and artificial flowers. The fence extends across stage. Lights on, full at rise.*

PEPPER, BEAU and some seven or eight other Students discovered at rise of curtain. PEPPER and BEAU are down L. on bench. First Student (CAD) is down R. Male quartet down R. grouped for singing. (This quartet is helpful but not essential to play.) Several students sitting on fence, playing mandolins and guitars. Time about 4 o'clock on a September afternoon. Before curtain rises the boys are heard singing to mandolin and guitar accompaniment.

OPENING CHORUS.

(*Sung by all in unison to the tune of "Maryland, My Maryland," or "Tannenbaum."*)

Alma Mater, once again
Swells our tribute fond to thee,
College boys and college men
Love their university.

With loving hearts a song we raise,
A song of faith, a song of praise,
And every son will loyal be
To our university.

Though years may come and years may go,
Summer bloom and winter snow,
Still our thoughts will turn to thee,
To our university.

With our loving hearts a song we raise,
A song of faith, a song of praise,
And every son will loyal be
To our university.

(If desired male quartet under tree R. may now sing unaccompanied to tune of "The Soldier's Farewell.")

How can we bear to leave thee,
One parting cheer we'll give thee,
And then whate'er befalls us,
We'll go where duty calls us.
Farewell, farewell, a parting glee,
Farewell, dear university.

PEPPER. Say, boys, it certainly does seem good to get back to the old place again. I'm glad I'm not a senior. It must be tough to have to graduate and leave the old campus forever.

BEAU—You needn't worry, Pepper Jarvis. If you wait till you graduate, you won't leave the old campus for some time.

PEPPER. Stung! Right in the solar plexus. All right, old head, I may be here some time yet; but take it from me, little Pepper Jarvis isn't going to leave till he's requested to. *(Rises and takes C.)*

BEAU. If you're not a little more careful this year than you were last, you'll get the request all right.

PEPPER. Oh, tie a tin can on all that copybook stuff. What's the use of spoiling the first day of school by talking about past sins?

FIRST STUDENT. What did you do all summer, Pepp?

PEPPER. Sold books. The Complete History of the African Race, bound in black pig. A dollar down and a dollar a month for thirteen years. And, believe me, I was some capering little book agent. Cleared nearly four hun-

dred iron men, and that's doing pretty well for the eldest son of a prominent family.

BEAU. Going out for track this year?

PEPPER. Not me. I came to college to learn repose, and you can't learn repose by going out for track. I suppose you are?

BEAU. Sure. They couldn't get along without me.

PEPPER. That's the truth. Somebody is always obliged to come in last.

FIRST STUDENT. Have you seen the new Fresh out for the team?

BEAU. You mean McGoogin? He's a dodo!

PEPPER. He's all of that. Weighs 227. They captured him in the wild and wooly districts of the railroad shops where he was teaching an iron boiler how to take a joke. He talks backward, but his heart's in the right place. The coach has entered him in the University in the domestic science department. I think he's going to take plain sewing and cross stitch, but he'll be a great credit to the University. He can bite off the ears of any two centers in the state, at the same time.

BEAU. Are you returning many men, Cad? (*To FIRST STUDENT.*)

FIRST STUDENT. About eight. I ought to be over to the house now.

PEPPER. So had I. We've got 'leven back.

FIRST STUDENT. Has Happy Jimmie Jamieson come in yet?

BEAU. We are waiting for him here. He ought to be in by now. I heard the train fifteen minutes ago.

PEPPER. If there was a good looking girl on the train, we won't see Happy until after supper. Poor old Hap! He'll fall for anything.

HAPPY (*off stage L.*) Hello, fellows! Hello!

PEPPER. That's his voice. (*Crosses to L.*) Hello, Happy Jimmie Jamieson!

OTHERS. Hello, Happy. Come here! On the fence, on the fence!

The BOYS cross to L. to meet HAPPY, who enters with two suitcases and a leather hatbox in his hands, a bag of golf clubs swung over shoulder. He comes down C. and the others all group around him.

PEPPER. Sure glad to see you back, old top. (HAPPY puts luggage on stage.)

HAPPY (*shaking hands*). Hello, Pepp, old scout! How've you been all summer? Hello, Cad! How's all the folks? And old Beau, how does your corporosity sagatiate?

BEAU (*shaking hands*). Fine and dandy. You're looking mighty fit. Going out for track? (*At L. C.*)

HAPPY. Nope. Nothing like that this year. I'm not going to do a thing, but study. (*At C.*)

ALL. Study! Then your pipe (*pause—then quickly*) went out!

PEPPER. A fat lot of studying you'll do. (*At R. C.*)

HAPPY. It's the truth. I'm going to cut all the merry-merry out of the program. The happy little Sophomore who took a daily course of twenty-four hours in Girls, Golf, Football and Tango has vanished forever, and in his place, gentlemen, behold Mr. James Jamieson, dig, grind, student, who spends his days making A's and his nights in the library and laboratory.

PEPPER. Oh, Happy, you make me want to laugh.

HAPPY. Go ahead. You came to college to cultivate Repose; Beau here came to cultivate the Cinder Track and the Sorority House; I came here to get a diploma. And why? Gather round and listen. It's a dark and terrible secret. I'm going to be married.

BEAU. Married? That's nothing; I've been engaged six times.

HAPPY. Yes, but it never took. Fellows, this summer I met the nearest approach to a damson plum ever seen outside the theater. Look, here's her picture. Ain't she some cokerino? Her name is Gladys.

PEPPER. She *does* look kind o' nifty! (*Crosses and sits on fence.*)

HAPPY (*witheringly*). Oh, she does! Well, let me tell

you, Pepper Jarvis, she's not only nifty, she's supreme. Did you get that? Supreme! Just look at the way her eyelashes curl. And you ought to see her in lavender! Honest, fellows, she's got the Broadway Beauty looking like a has-been.

BEAU. She's got pretty eyes.

HAPPY. Pretty eyes! Say, you ought to see her eyes. They're like velvet and fire and violets. And her expression. Fellows, just notice that expression.

PEPPER. Gee, you've certainly got it bad. I can see your finish. Iron bars and the padded cell for poor old Happy.

HAPPY. That's why I'm not coming out for the track, Beau. Can you blame me? When a fellow wins a girl like that, it's up to him to cut out all his fooling and get down to business. I've got to get my diploma before I can land a job, and I've got to have a job before I can marry Gladys. Look at her lips, look at her lips! Did you ever see a more perfect Cupid's bow? And the way the hair curls over her neck.

PEPPER. You used to rave just the same way about that little blonde at the bookstore.

HAPPY. Who did? Pooh, she can't hold a candle to Gladys. I know I've flirted a lot with other girls, but I never cared for one like I do her. That photograph doesn't do her credit. She's got the sweetest cheeks, just a little tinge of delicate pink. And when she laughs—oh, fellows, you ought to hear her laugh!

PEPPER. Rave on, misguided youth; rave on! (*Comes down L.*)

HAPPY. Bah! I feel sorry for you, Pepper Jarvis, downright sorry. You don't know anything about girls. Wait till you see her—that's all—just wait till you see her.

BEAU. Are you ready to go up to the house?

HAPPY. In a minute. (*Looks around.*) Gee, the old campus looks natural. Many of the fellows back yet, Beau?

BEAU. About 'leven or twelve.

HAPPY. What kind o' material is out for the team?

PEPPER. Great! We're going to have the finest center

in the State. He weighs 227 and talks reversible English. The coach caught him in the boilermakers' union and persuaded him to come to college and take some light work in domestic science. He's a dream.

HAPPY. That sounds mighty good. What kind of Freshmen have shown up?

BEAU. A little worse than usual. The trouble with this University is that it is becoming entirely too democratic.

PEPPER. Is your old lady coming back?

HAPPY. Who, Benny? Why, haven't you heard the news. Benny's married.

BEAU. By Jove!

PEPPER. Quit your kidding.

HAPPY. Its true. Got married in July. That's where I met Gladys. I was old Benny's best man and Gladys was the maid of honor. It seemed just like fate. In less than two days we were engaged. And honest, fellows, she's got the dreamiest eyes—

PEPPER. Who did old Benny marry?

HAPPY. A Miss Nelson. Gladys is her cousin. And the first time I met her she was at the station—

PEPPER. Have you picked out a roommate yet?

HAPPY. No, not yet. It's going to seem funny without old Benny. We roomed together for three years. Now, Benny wasn't what you might call an ideal roommate, but I was getting used to him. I'll miss him, too. I suppose you would miss a boil on the back of your neck, it you'd had it long enough. (*At C.*)

BEAU. I haven't picked out a roommate myself. (*At L. C.*)

HAPPY (*quickly*). I'm going to room with a Freshman. I want a nice, tidy, little Freshman who'll brush my clothes and hang them up, collect the laundry, keep the tobacco jar filled, and clean up the room when rowdies like you come to visit me.

PEPPER. Are you going back to the Angels'? (*At L.*)

HAPPY. You better bet I am. I signed up last year for the bay window room downstairs. I wouldn't room any

other place. Is she going to let you come back? (FIRST STUDENT *at R. C.*)

PEPPER. You bet she is. She's tickled to death to have me. She says I give a sort of tone to the house. (OTHER STUDENTS *up stage.*)

HAPPY. Yes, you do, but the tone's a discord.

BEAU. I've got the front room up stairs.

PEPPER. You have *not*.

BEAU. What's that!

PEPPER. I said you were mistaken.

BEAU. That sounds better. But as a matter of fact, I'm not mistaken. I just came from there. Unpacked this morning.

PEPPER. The Angel has rented that room to me.

BEAU. I rather think not. I have a written contract.

PEPPER. Why, all my things are there.

BEAU. Oh, no; they *were* there; but I took them out and put them in the little back room.

PEPPER. You had a lot of nerve.

HAPPY. Wait a minute. Back to your corners. Wait 'til the referee calls time, and then take your places in the ring. (*Coming between.*)

PEPPER. But the Angel promised that room to me. (*At L.*)

BEAU. And the Angel's husband has given it to me. (*At C.*)

PEPPER. I'll not give it up.

BEAU. Oh, I guess you will.

PEPPER. We'll see about that!

HAPPY. Time! There you go—off agin, on agin, gone agin, Finnegan! Why don't you both take the room and live together. (*At L. C.*)

BEAU. I won't give it up.

PEPPER. Neither will I.

HAPPY. That settles the matter. Heaven bless you, my children, and long life and prosperity to your union.

Enter ABEY from R. with several suits and overcoats on his shoulder.

ABEY. Good afternoon, chentlemens. Anything in my line for old Abey, hay? And nice clothes you want to get some money on? (*Comes to R. C. BEAU crosses and sits on fence.*)

PEPPER. Abey, Abey, you're too soon. Why, this is only the opening day of school?

HAPPY. And you haven't welcomed us back to the springs of knowledge. (*Coming C.*)

ABEY. Chentlemens, chentlemens, in behalluf of der Second-hand Clothing Dealers and Money Lenders' Association, of which I am der honorary president, I velcome you vonce more to our classic little city. Chentlemens, we have missed you, unt I must also say dot ve haf missed your money. We haf longed for you, unt now dot you have come back—

HAPPY. You'll rob us of every cent we have before October.

ABEY. Oi, oi, such a language! We are not robbers. Twelve per cent iss not robbery; it iss business. Unt my young friends remember dot Satan always finds somebody for idle hands to do. Boys, come by my store unt see me. I've got some brand new joisies, der twelve dollar unt a kervarter kind, marked down to ninety-seven cents; I'm robbing myself of good money on every von I sell, but I vould do anything for der students. Unt I've got some new Norfolks, regular all-in-der-vool goods for thoiteen dollars, unt if dot ain't a bargain, vot is it?

HAPPY. Have you got my perfectly good full-dress suit yet?

ABEY. Have I got it? Sure, I have. All der summer I haf guarded it, like so much fire insurance. I could haf sold it over twenty times, but I vos keeping it for my friend. Und dot ish my old-time motto: Always do your friends good.

HAPPY. I'll come around tomorrow and look at it. Much obliged for keeping it for me, Abey. Let's see, you let me have seven dollars and eighty cents on it in June. I'll bring up the money tomorrow.

ABEY. Sure. I have pressed dot suit up nice. You can

have it for only thoity dollars—unt I lose money on it at der price. It cost sixty dollars, if it cost a cent.

HAPPY. Yes, but you only gave me seven dollars and eighty cents for it.

ABEY. Oi, oi, didn't I get it at a bargain? But you couldn't expect me to sell a seexty dollar full-dress suit for seven dollars unt eighty cents, is it?

HAPPY. You're a robber, Abe; a brow-beating, Yid-disha robber.

ABEY (*reproachfully*). Oh, Meester! Dot ain't a nice vay to talk to your old friend Abey. Business is business, unt I always live up to my old-time motto: Always do your friends good.

HAPPY. Yes, you live up to that, all right, all right.

PEPPER. Abey, I want you to come up to my room at the Angel's next Sunday morning at eleven o'clock. My roommate isn't coming back and I'm going to hang a red flannel shirt out of the window, ring a bell and auction off all his effects.

ABEY. I can't come on Sunday. It's my wife's beertz-day. Yetta will be dirty next Sunday.

PEPPER. I'll bet she will. How old are you, Abey?

ABEY. I'm dirty-two.

PEPPER. Yes, I know you are—but how old are you?

ABEY. I said I vos dirty-two.

PEPPER. Well, why don't you take a swim? Honest, Abey, were you ever real clean?

ABEY (*smiles slowly*). Sure. I come clean from Russia, but dot vos seventeen years ago.

PEPPER. And what are you going to give your wife for a present?

ABEY. Oi, oi, I've got der fine beertzday present for Yetta. It's something for der neck.

PEPPER. Oh, a nice red coral necklace?

ABEY. No, sir; it ain't a necklace.

HAPPY. Maybe it's a fur collar?

ABEY. Of course it is not. Yetta would get lonesome in a fur collar.

BEAU. Probably it's a La Valliere?

ABEY. Oi, oi, it couldn't be dot; dot don't sound *kosher*.

PEPPER. Well, what are you going to give her?

ABEY. A nice two-for-a-kervarter cake of soap.

BEAU. By Jove, that's awful generous of you.

HAPPY. I bet Yetta will be pleased.

ABEY. Unt don't you chentlemens got anything dot you vont to sell cheap? Vell, ven you have, don't forget your old frient Abey. Remember my old-time motto: Always do your friends good. (*Exit L.*)

HAPPY. Ain't he the original human ant-eater?

BEAU. Say, who's got the makins?

HAPPY. Right straight from home on the first day of college, and without the makins. What's the answer? Beau Carter.

PEPPER. Here you are, Beau?

BEAU. Much obliged, Pepp. (*Makes and smokes a cigarette on fence.*)

FIRST STUDENT. Say, Happy, where you goin' to grub this year?

HAPPY. The Angel's going to make room for four.

FIRST STUDENT. Better come up to our place. We've got the original maple sugar nectarine as a waitress. She's never seen a student before and her name is Pearl. (*At R.*)

HAPPY. Poor Pearl! Cast before the swine. (*At C.*)

PEPPER. I'll bet she isn't one, two, three with our Elyzabeth Maudelia. Elyzabeth Maudelia is the most aristocratic culinary assistant in town. She's a perfect lady and has read everything the Duchess ever wrote, by skipping the long words. (*At L. C.*)

BEAU. She's the only drawback at the Angel's. Why, she wears all the jewelry on the ten-cent counter and uses loud perfume.

HAPPY. She begged the Angel not to take anyone but Freshmen. She says that ever since Pepper and I have been in the house, she hasn't a nerve in her body.

FIRST STUDENT (*who has been reading catalogue*). Oh,

look here! Popp Long's offering a new course. Newspaper writing. Five times a week. I'll jot that down.

BEAU. Popp's courses are all cinches.

PEPPER. Five hours credit!

HAPPY. When does it come? (*Takes catalogue.*)

FIRST STUDENT. At eight o'clock.

PEPPER (*aghast*). Eight o'clock! That lets me out. I can't get up in the middle of the night, even to get five hours credit! The night's short enough as it is.

BEAU. What are *you* going to take?

PEPPER. Principally repose. Then I'm down for elocution and history of Greek art. And I always take English One. I've had it three years, and I've figured out that they'll use the same examination questions this year that they did three years ago. So I'm sure of that.

BEAU (*to HAPPY*). What have you got mapped out?

HAPPY. The regular work for a first-class Junior. I'm going to work hard, too. Gladys expects it of me, and I couldn't disappoint Gladys. She has the most trusting little way, and when I look into her eyes and tell her—

PEPPER. Oh, look! Who's coming down the walk?

BEAU. Who is it? She looks awfully stunning.

PEPPER. Wait until you see her closer. It's Elyzabethe Maudelia.

FIRST STUDENT. The perfect lady who waits table for the Angel?

HAPPY. The very same. Bunch close, fellows, and protect me. Here's where she reads the riot act to little Happy.

BOYS *all cluster near fence and whistle, keeping time to LIZZIE'S walk. She enters with head held very high and slowly walks across the stage in time to the whistling. She tosses her head and at extreme R. she turns around and faces the STUDENTS.*

HAPPY (*on fence*)—

There was a young lady named Lizzie,
In the dining-room always was busy,

Her manicured air,
And her pompadoured hair,
Make all of us dizzy for Lizzie!

LIZZIE. Excuse me, young man, but was you addressing them few pert remarks to me? If you was, I'll thank you to get the honor of an introduction to me before you presume to address a lady. I don't like your looks, no how. (*At R.*)

HAPPY. Oh, excuse me, fair one. Prithee pity and pardon me. (*Coming to C.*)

LIZZIE. There's one thing more than all the rest of the things about you that I don't like. I ain't referrin' to your last season's tan shoes, and far be it from me to make remarks about your up-country headgear; what I'm referring to is your unpoliteness in not knowing a perfect lady when you see her. It's a pity that some of you college cut-ups don't remain at home and help father gather in the hay, instead of cultivating yourselves at college. And I guess that them few remarks will sink in!

PEPPER (*coming down to her, R.*). Good evening, Miss Elyzabethe Maudelia.

LIZZIE. Say, don't you get so familiar with my front name. I might work for my living, as some of you knows, by assisting Mrs. Chubb at the table, but that don't give none of you Willie boys the right to address me by my title. And just you scribble that down in your little paper notebook. (*At R. C.*)

BEAU. Honest, Lizzie Maud, you'd better run along now and do your shopping. Some Freshman is liable to steal you. (*Coming down L.*)

LIZZIE. Is that so, Mr. Carter? Maybe when you've paid your last year's boardbill and the rent of the room, you'll have some right to give advice to the love-lorn.

BEAU. Now, Lizzie—

LIZZIE. Don't hand me none of that confidential stuff. And don't call me Lizzie. Please remember that I'm a lady, even if I do wait on table. My paw was an auctioneer and I came from one of the very first families in

Splinterville. And though I might be in reduced circumstances at the present moment, who can tell what the future will bring forth? My name aint Lizzie, so there.

BEAU. I beg your pardon, Miss Elyzabethe Maudelia.

LIZZIE. Well, don't get so gay next time. I'd have you understand that I'm getting tired of being treated like the dirt under your feet. I've had my palm read by a gypsy and some day you'll be proud that you ever got acquainted with me.

HAPPY. I'm proud right now.

LIZZIE. I don't know who you are, little Cutie Cut-up, but I presume your name must be Mountain Air, because you're so fresh. And I guess that you'll ruminate over that fer some time.

PEPPER. Allow me to supply the deficiency, Miss Elyzabethe Maudelia. Allow me to present for your acquiescence and approval, Mr. James Jamieson, better known as Happy Jimmie Jamieson.

HAPPY. The pleasure is all mine. And some day when the fortune promised by the gypsy has materialized—some day, I repeat—I'll come on bended knee and be the first to congratulate the little Circassian princess who so deftly serves the oatmeal and cabbage.

LIZZIE. Don't hand me that line of advertising. You ain't the first fresh student I've met. I've lived in a college town going on three years now, and whenever one of you funny boys spring anything on me, I laugh, just like an undertaker. (*Sadly.*) Ha, ha, ha, ha!

PEPPER. Well, brush by, little Glad Eyes, brush by. You'd better get a gait on toward the grocery; they're selling prunes at a reduction.

LIZZIE. Prunes? It seems to me I've heard that word somewhere, but fer the life of me I can't remember where. What is prunes?

PEPPER. Prunes? Why, er—prunes are raisins with inflammatory rheumatism.

LIZZIE. My, but you're the end-man cut-up, all right. If you could spring any of that dope on the faculty, they'd a let you graduate last year.

HAPPY. What time do we dine this evening, Clarice?

LIZZIE. Are you goin' to board again at our house this year?

HAPPY. The honor is all yours. Don't forget to put a clean napkin out for me.

LIZZIE. I've always said that there was no accountin' for tastes. Say, have any of you boys saw anything of Mr. Chubb? He's been gone since breakfast—and them as knows him knows what that means. From the way he invests in liquid refreshments and carries on, I sometimes think he must have been a student himself—once.

BEAU. I saw him down town about an hour ago.

LIZZIE. Was he—(*pause, then circular staircase gesture*).

BEAU (*not comprehending*). I beg your pardon. What do you mean by—(*pause, then same gesture*).

LIZZIE. You know. I mean, was he—(*pause, then gesture with both hands*).

BEAU. Well, now that I think of it, I really think he was.

LIZZIE. And him a married man. Ain't it jest awful! His wife sent him downtown early this morning to get a load of wood, and this is the way he acts.

HAPPY. I'll bet he gets the load all right.

BEAU (*looking L.*). Oh, look! Somebody's got an awful drag with the ladies.

PEPPER (*looking L.*). It must be Professor X.

LIZZIE (*looking*). Goodness gracious! He looks like a human gas tank.

PEPPER. It's the new football star.

BEAU. And he's surrounded by the girls.

HAPPY. Gee, I wish I was a football star.

Enter from L. a very large man dressed in cheap suit of clothes. LORETTA and FIRST GIRL are walking and talking to him. Several other GIRLS surround the group and try to talk. FIRST GIRL is carrying a parasol raised.

FIRST GIRL. I hope the sun isn't in your eyes, Mr. Mc-

Googin. (MAN looks at her and starts to speak, when LORETTA turns him around to face her.)

LORETTA. Don't you think we have a beautiful campus? I think it always looks so poetical in September when it seems to be dressed anew to welcome back its sons and daughters.

FIRST GIRL. Do you think we are going to have a winning team this year?

LORETTA. Oh, come over here. I want to show you the library. (*The MAN and GIRLS exit R. GIRLS pay no attention to STUDENTS.*)

LIZZIE (*to HAPPY*). Well, for a real popular man like you say you are, I think you got a decided frosty freeze. Who was the decorated ice cart that was the center of attraction?

PEPPER. That's Mr. McGoogin, the new football player.

LIZZIE. Is he a student?

PEPPER. Oh, yes. He's taking a course in plain sewing in domestic finish.

LIZZIE. And why are all the college skirts bunched around him like that?

HAPPY. Why? Because he's the man of the hour, the hero of the gridiron, the original and only scrapping boiler-maker who eats iron nails every morning with his eggs.

LIZZIE. And look at the dames. He's making a shining hit with the ladies. Honest, sometimes I think that the more education a girl gets, the battier she is. I may be only a poor working girl, a human slave waiting on table in a college boarding-house, but, thank heavings, I'm no co-ed. (*Exits R. loftily.*)

PEPPER. The girls never even noticed us.

HAPPY. That's just the way with college girls. Now if Gladys had been in that crowd—

BEAU. Let's trail over to the library and see the last act of the circus.

PEPPER. Gee, I wish I was a football boilermaker.

BEAU (*looking R.*). Look! They're pinning a red rose on McGoogin.

PEPPER. Mother, mother, mother, pin a rose on me.
(*Exits R.*)

BEAU. Come on, fellows; let's investigate. (*Exit R., followed by MEN.*)

HAPPY. Gee, I wish Gladys was a co-ed. It's going to be awfully lonesome here without her. She said she'd write to me every day—and she's got the sweetest ways.

Enter CHERRY CARRUTHERS from L., slowly. She sits on seat at L. and raises her handkerchief to her eyes.

CHERRY (*after slight pause*). I don't like it. I don't like it. I don't want to go to college. Everything's so different here. Oh, I wish I was back in Dayton.

HAPPY. Oh, look who's here. (*Comes toward her.*)

CHERRY (*rises*). Are girls allowed to sit here?

HAPPY. Of course. (*She sits and turns her back on him.*)

CHERRY. Thank you.

HAPPY. Oh, don't mention it. Pleasure, I'm sure. (*She opens catalogue and pays no attention to him.*) Rather warm, isn't it? (*Pause, she reads catalogue.*) Yes, I think it is rather warm. (*Crosses to C.*) It is warm. (*Crosses to R.*) Good afternoon. (*Exits R.*)

CHERRY. He's gone. (*Rises.*) He seemed to be awfully afraid of me. Now a boy in Dayton never would have done anything like that. I know I'm not going to like this old school. (*Crosses to seat at L. and sits.*) Nobody seems to care anything about me. And I can't understand the old catalogue—and I don't like my room—and I want to go back to Dayton, I want to go back to Dayton! (*Cries.*)

Enter LOIS from R.

LOIS. Hello, what's the matter? Why, it's the little Freshman. (*Crosses to her and sits on bench with CHERRY.*) What's wrong, little Cherry girl?

CHERRY. Oh, Miss Hunter, I'm so lonesome. I don't think I'm going to like it here at all.

LOIS. I know what's the matter. The first day I came to college I was just the same. The faculty insisted on my taking the very things I didn't want, and the girls were

strange and hard to get acquainted with. Every other girl in college seemed to have bushels of chums and merry groups passed me all day long. The meals were awful and my room was a regular little chicken-coop. I was all alone and homesick, awfully homesick.

CHERRY (*sobbing*). That's just the way I feel. Nobody seems to care anything about *me*. The girls were lovely this morning, but now everyone else in the whole school has paired off and I'm the odd one. (*Sob.*) At home I never was the odd one.

LOIS. And you won't be here for long, little Cherry. There's only one cure for a homesick Freshman.

CHERRY. And that is?

LOIS. Companionship. Here, take some divinity and we'll sit here together and rail at the world.

CHERRY. Divinity! (*Sobs.*) Oh, I never want to see any divinity again. I couldn't bear it, and just as I was beginning to forget! Oh, why did you remind me of divinity? (*Eats candy.*)

LOIS. Why, I thought every little college girl loved candy. And this is simply grand!

CHERRY. It is awfully good. But it's the recollection I can't bear. We made divinity the night before I left Dayton. And when we parted at the station next day his lips were all sticky with divinity. And now I won't see him again until I go home for Christmas. And maybe he'll go home with some other girl! Oh, I want to go back to Dayton! I don't like college at all.

LOIS. Have some more.

CHERRY. Thank you. (*Eats.*) You are so comforting.

LOIS. Suppose we take a little walk. I know what we'll do. We'll take a stroll down Lovers' Lane.

CHERRY. Oh, is there a Lovers' Lane here, too?

LOIS. Yes; come on. We'll explore it to the end. Just you and I.

CHERRY. We have a Lovers' Lane at Dayton. But the girls never go there by themselves. Just girls together, I mean. The others wouldn't think it was fair.

LOIS. It's different here at college. Do you want to go?

CHERRY. No, thank you; it would be too painful. I always used to walk down Lovers' Lane every evening at twilight in Dayton—with him! And now, maybe, this very minute he might be walking down there with some one else. Oh, I think college life is just awful.

LOIS. No, you don't. It's the grandest thing in the world. Come, let's go up to your room and we'll have a cosy little talk. I'll help you unpack.

CHERRY. Will you? And I'll show you his picture. He's the dearest thing. His name's Harold and he's a blonde.

LOIS. Just think of the nice long letters you can write him. Is he tall?

CHERRY. Of course not. The idea! What could I do with a tall man? He's two and three-eighths inches taller than I am.

LOIS. I want you to meet some of the college men. There's a boy here who will make an awful hit with you. He just adores little girls.

CHERRY. I don't care to meet him. Harold wouldn't approve of it, I'm sure. What's his name?

LOIS. Jimmie Jamieson. Everybody calls him Happy Jimmie Jamieson.

CHERRY. What a cute name. Happy Jimmie Jamieson. Is he good looking?

LOIS. Awfully. All the Freshman girls adore him. Last year all the other fellows used to call him Kindergarden Comfort.

CHERRY. Hateful things. They were just jealous!

LOIS. He just came back today.

CHERRY. Do you know him very well?

LOIS. Of course I do. Everybody in college knows Happy. He's a prominent part of a girl's curriculum. You can't get your degree unless you've been rushed by Jimmie Jamieson.

CHERRY. The idea! You're making fun. Harold would be perfectly furious if I let another man rush me. That's the way he is at home. And he trusts me so; oh, he trusts me! So you see I couldn't let another boy come to see me, when Harold feels like that? What color are his eyes?

LOIS. I think they are gray in the daytime, but at the dusk of twilight they seem to be purple, just like the inside of a deep shadowy violet.

CHERRY. How lovely! You'll present him, won't you?

LOIS. Of course. You'll make an awful hit with Happy.

CHERRY. Honest, do you think he'll like me?

LOIS. Of course he will.

CHERRY. I think that other man was just horrid.

LOIS (*laughs*). Mr. McGoogin? But he's going to be a college hero and do wonderful things for our football team; so, of course, every loyal daughter of the University wants him to have a pleasant time.

CHERRY. Is that why the co-eds always run after the athletes?

LOIS. Well, that's one of the reasons.

CHERRY (*looks*). Oh, who is that girl out there in tan?

LOIS (*looking*). That's Miss Newcomb; Miss Evelyn Newcomb.

CHERRY. She must be awfully popular here. Just see, there are one, two, three, four, five, six men all being polite to her at once.

LOIS. That's one of Evelyn's little ways.

CHERRY. She looks awfully stunning.

LOIS. She is stunning. She's the most popular girl in school.

CHERRY. What makes her so popular? She isn't as pretty as some of the girls I met this morning.

LOIS. Evelyn always does the proper thing at the proper time. She won't let any one man monopolize her, but keeps all of them guessing. And then she's awfully bright and wears the best looking clothes in college.

CHERRY. I thought men never knew what a girl was dressed in.

LOIS. You'll learn differently at college. That's the way four-fifths of the men size a girl up.

CHERRY. Does Miss Newcomb belong to your crowd?

LOIS. Evelyn belongs to *our* crowd, little Cherry. You're one of us now.

CHERRY. Am I—honestly?

LOIS. Yes, indeed. I think you've met all the other girls except Evelyn. Evelyn isn't around the house much.

CHERRY. Who is the man with her now?

LOIS (*looking off R.*). That's Beau Carter, one of the most prominent men in college.

CHERRY. No, I mean—the other one. The cute fellow with the ingrowing hat.

LOIS. The one with the golf bag?

CHERRY. Yes; look at him talk!

LOIS. Do you think he is cute?

CHERRY. Oh, yes—awfully!

LOIS. Im glad you do—that's he.

CHERRY. Not Happy—I mean, not Mr. Jamieson?

LOIS. Yes, that's Happy. Now, don't you think he's a dear?

CHERRY. He's a darling! You'll introduce him, won't you?

LOIS. But what would Mr. Harold of Dayton say?

CHERRY. True. I hadn't thought of that. What *would* Harold say? But maybe he'd never know. Dayton's over three hundred miles away, you know.

LOIS. Poor Mr. Harold. Here's where he'll have to take a back seat.

CHERRY. Nothing of the kind. Why, Harold is all-in-all to me. No living man could ever come between us. But I don't think he would care if I simply met another fellow. He isn't at all unreasonable, and a girl at college must be agreeable to everybody. Mr. Jamieson looks like he would be awfully good company.

LOIS. They are coming this way. The retinue approaches. Hail to the Queen! Hail to the Queen!

Enter EVELYN, attended by HAPPY, BEAU, PEPPER and other students. They group at R. CHERRY is seated L. with LOIS.

HAPPY (*as they enter*). You know, Miss Newcomb, it seems awfully funny for me to be engaged. She's the dearest little thing. I wish you could meet her. She has the dreamiest eyes—

EVELYN. Really!

BEAU. Do you care to sit down, Evelyn?

EVELYN. Thanks, Beau. (*Comes C.*) Isn't that Lois over there?

BEAU. Yes. (*At R. C.*)

LOIS (*coming to EVELYN at C.*). Evelyn, I want you to meet one of our new little girls, Miss Carruthers.

EVELYN (*crossing to CHERRY*). So pleased. (*Shakes hands. LOIS goes up stage. BEAU follows EVELYN, PEPPER at C. and HAPPY R. C.*) You are to be congratulated, Miss Carruthers—and so are we. I'm ever so glad that you are one of us.

CHERRY. Thank you.

EVELYN. May I present Mr. Carter?

BEAU. Charmed.

EVELYN. And Mr. Jervis.

PEPPER. Pleased to meet you.

EVELYN (*sitting at L.*). I suppose you are going to room at the Hall? We are to have such a congenial crowd this year.

HAPPY (*coming to EVELYN*). Hm! Hm! (*Coughing to attract her attention. BEAU stands back of EVELYN and PEPPER goes up to LOIS.*)

EVELYN. Oh, I beg your pardon, Happy. I was almost forgetting you. This is Mr. Jamieson.

CHERRY. How do you do!

HAPPY (*sitting between EVELYN and CHERRY and speaking eagerly to CHERRY*). Do you know, Miss Carruthers, when I first saw you sitting here I felt right away that we were going to be awful good friends. You remind me so much of a girl I know at home. Honestly, I thought at first that you were she, and she's considered to be the prettiest girl in Memphis. But now that I see you closer I see that your eyes are ever so much prettier than hers.

CHERRY. Oh, Mr. Jamieson.

HAPPY. Honest they are. Don't think I'm trying to hand you any hot air. Everybody here knows that I am absolutely sincere.

EVELYN (*rising*). I suppose I will see you at dinner, dear.

CHERRY. Yes, thank you.

EVELYN. Shall we go, Beau?

BEAU. Just as you say. (*They go up and join PEPPER and LOIS.*)

HAPPY. How do you like it here at college?

CHERRY. Well, I like it better now than I did.

HAPPY. You musn't get homesick. There's too much excitement here to let anyone worry about the folks back home.

CHERRY. Oh, I'm sure I won't be homesick.

HAPPY. And you musn't get lonesome. I'll tell you what to do. You let me come to see you sometimes. That will keep you from getting lonesome.

CHERRY. I think you are awfully kind. It's so nice of you to take notice of a poor little Freshman.

HAPPY. Oh, that's where I live.

CHERRY (*puzzled*). I beg your pardon?

HAPPY. I mean poor little Freshmen are the idols of my heart. And honest—say, you certainly remind me of a friend of mine named Gladys. You look awfully like her. She's a queen.

CHERRY. But I'm sure I don't look like a queen.

HAPPY. Yes, you do, too. I'll bet you've heard all that before in your home town.

CHERRY. The idea! The boys in Dayton never call the girls queens. And besides, I haven't anyone to call me that anyway.

HAPPY. Honest, ain't you? Say, what's the matter with the boys in Dayton?

CHERRY. Nothing at all. But I suppose you say that to every girl you meet.

HAPPY. No, I don't. I never met a girl who looked as much like a queen as you do.

CHERRY. Didn't you?

HAPPY. You're the first one.

BOGGS (*heard outside L.*). Come right along, Aaron, and don't ye be afraid!

AARON. All right, paw; I'm coming.

Enter BOGGS from L., followed by AARON. BOGGS comes down C. and AARON stays near him, but a little up stage.

BOGGS. Say, young feller (*to PEPPER, who is R. C.*), I want to ask ye a question.

PEPPER. All right, sir; what can I do you for?

BOGGS. What kin you do me fer? Not fer a dern thing, and don't you fergit it. I'm Epenetus P. Boggs and I'm on the school board to hum in Splinterville. I've jest been in seeing your president and interducin' him to my son Aaron, who's come down here to be a scholar.

PEPPER. Then allow me to welcome you and your son to our University. We have with us tonight, ladies and gentlemen, the Honorable Up-and-at-us Foggs from Splinterville.

ALL. Hurray! (*Quickly*). Rah, rah, rah! Rah, rah, rah! Rah, rah, rah! Foggs, Foggs, Foggs!

BOGGS. Thank ye kindly. But you've made a slight mistake, sonny. My name ain't Foggs; it's *Boggs*—Epenetus Boggs!

PEPPER (*quietly*). My slight mistake.. All together, fellows.

ALL (*with rooting gestures*). Rah, rah, rah! Rah, rah, rah! Rah, rah, rah! Boggs, Boggs, Boggs!

BOGGS. Agin I thank ye kindly. You see I take a great interest in your University. I take an interest in your University because I am a member of the school board to hum in Splinterville!

ALL. Rah, rah, rah! Rah, rah, rah! Rah, rah, rah! Splinterville!

BOGGS. As I was saying, I take a great interest in your University. Secondly, because I have chose it fer the place fer my son Aaron to come to college.

ALL. Rah, rah, rah! Rah, rah, rah! Rah, rah, rah! Aaron, Aaron, Aaron!

PEPPER. Speech, Aaron! Speech!

BOGGS. Sonny, they want you to make 'em a speech.

AARON. I don't know none, paw. I don't want to.
(*Speaks very slow and bashfully.*)

BOGGS. Say 'em the one about Spottycus to the Roming Gladiators.

AARON. I forget that one, paw.

BOGGS. I guess you'll have to excuse him, boys. He's a fine speaker, too. He graduated from the Splinterville High School in June and made one of the finest addresses ever heerd on the Splinterville platform.

PEPPER. We are indeed honored, Mr. Boggs, to have him in our midst, as it were.

BOGGS. I thought you'd feel thataway about Aaron. He's ginerally purty stiddy, but he's jist naturally full of the old Harry, and when he gits het up jest as like as not he'll raise Cain. Now, son, I want ye to go kinder slow down here at college, Aaron.

AARON. All right; I will, paw.

BOGGS. Don't git to flirtin' too much with the gals. (*To others.*) Aaron's a dabster hand with the wimmen folks. And don't learn to play football, ner the guitar, ner poker. Remember ye came to college to git an education and not to cut up no didoes. I don't want ye to be flarin' around in none o' these nightshirt parades, Aaron. They ain't proper. A little singing on the Glee Club won't hurt ye none, but ye wanter be sure of one thing, and that is to git your full night's sleep. Don't let me ketch you settin' up after nine o'clock a burnin' the midnight oil; it ain't healthy.

AARON. All right, paw.

PEPPER. Have you found a hash-house yet?

BOGGS. Found a what?

PEPPER. A feed joint—a boarding-house.

BOGGS. Oh, yes; Aaron's goin' to live at Mrs. Chubb's.

BEAU (*breathlessly*). At the Angel's?

PEPPER. Say, Beau, will you room with me?

BEAU. In a minute.

PEPPER. Then that leaves Happy—

BEAU. For the gentleman from Splinterville.

BOGGS. The president was real tickled to think that I'd

chose this school for Aaron. He said he hopes Aaron would be a credit to the institution. If he knowed Aaron like I do, he would have knowed he'd be a credit to any institution.

HAPPY. Let's give three cheers for Aaron.

ALL. Rah, rah, rah! Rah, rah, rah! Rah, rah, rah!
Aaron, Aaron, Aaron!

BOGGS. Aaron, son, they're certainly glad to see you.

PEPPER. How are you fixed for laundry?

AARON. Fixed all right. I'm wearin' a clean collar—

BOGGS. And he's got another one up to his boardin' house.

HAPPY. Did you blow in on the afternoon train, Mr. Boggs?

BOGGS. You bet I did. I blew in as much as three dollars and sixty cents. And I bought a box o' figs from the train boy. (*Takes out large watch.*) Sonny, I've got to hurry along to ketch the train. Ye won't be homesick, will ye?

AARON. No, sir.

BOGGS (*shakes hands with AARON*). Neow, don't fergit to put on your heavy underwear when it gits cold, and be sure you're in bed every night at nine o'clock. I'll look for a letter from you once a week.

AARON. All right, paw.

BOGGS. I must hurry along. That's the way to the railroad depot down there, ain't it?

PEPPER. Yes, sir; you can't miss it. Now, fellows, all together!

ALL. Rah, rah, rah! Rah, rah, rah! Rah, rah, rah!
Boggs, Boggs, Boggs!

AARON. Good-bye, paw.

BOGGS. Good-bye. Now, be a good boy, sonny.

AARON. Yes, sir.

BOGGS (*crosses to L. and then turns*). And don't fergit the heavy underwear.

AARON. I won't, paw.

BOGGS. Good-bye, sonny. (*Exit L.*)

BOYS (*skip around AARON and sing*)—

Oh, we won't do a thing to Aaron,

We won't do a thing to Aaron,

We won't do a thing to Aaron,

The Fresh from Splinterville.

EVELYN. Come on, girls. I think the boys want to interview the Freshman.

LOIS. Don't hurt him, Pepper. No matter how fresh he is, be a friend to him—for his father's sake, and mine.

PEPPER. He must have made a hit with the wimmen folks already.

LOIS. No; but his father is such a dear old man. And he is completely wrapped up in sonny.

EVELYN. Coming, Lois?

LOIS. Yes. Promise me, Pepper?

PEPPER. All right. I'll promise. (*LOIS crosses L. and joins EVELYN. CHERRY starts to follow.*)

HAPPY (*intercepting her*). You're not going?

CHERRY. Yes. The girls want me.

HAPPY. Say, little lady, you're all right. Remember, when you go home just write in your diary, that you've made a big hit with Happy Jimmie Jamieson.

CHERRY. You say the nicest things.

HAPPY. Are you dating this evening?

CHERRY. I don't think so.

HAPPY. I'll be on the front steps at eight. Are you on?

CHERRY. I'll look for you. Good-bye. (*Exeunt GIRLS at L.*)

BEAU (*at L. C. with AARON*). So you're name is Foggs?

AARON. No, sir, it's Boggs.

BEAU. You should never contradict a senior. If I say it is Foggs, it is Foggs.

AARON. Yes, sir.

PEPPER. And where are you from, Freshman?

AARON. From Splinterville.

PEPPER. Don't forget the "sir."

AARON. Yes, sir.

BEAU. And why did you come to college?

AARON. I don't know.

PEPPER. And Sophomores are to be treated to three fingers.

BEAU. That's a nice answer. Don't you know why you came to college?

AARON. To get some more schoolin', I guess.

HAPPY. Say, young man, have you got a catalogue yet?

AARON. A catalogue? Yes, sir. I've got one from Montgomery Ward & Co., but I didn't bring it to college.

HAPPY. No, I mean a college catalogue. That manual of useless information that informs the misinformed and instructs the uninstructed. Have you got one?

AARON. No, sir. Where do I get it?

HAPPY. Right here. I'm the little original catalogue seller on this side of the campus. Here it is. Price, one dollar.

AARON. Do I have to have it?

HAPPY. Of course you do. If you didn't, how would you know what classes to attend and when they come. just listen to this. (*Reads.*) "All students are under helpful and moral influences from the moment they arrive. (*Speaks.*) Isn't that worth a dollar—to get under helpful and moral influences the moment you arrive? You're under 'em now.

AARON. Am I?

HAPPY. And just listen to this. (*Reads.*) "The necessary expenses of the University amount to about \$190 per annum." I tell you, son, this book is better than a fairy tale. Every one of these gentlemen has one. Come on, hurry up; you're obstructing the line and keeping other purchasers from buying.

AARON (*takes out huge wallet*). Excuse me.

HAPPY (*taking dollar*). And there you are. I also give you permission to read the catalogue on the campus. That permission goes with every purchase.

AARON (*reading book*). Thank you, sir.

BEAU. See here, young man, what right have you got to read in the presence of a Senior?

AARON. I don't know.

BEAU. Seniors are to be treated with respect.

AARON. I think I'll go up to my room.

HAPPY. Have you ever heard anything about hazing?

AARON. No, sir; what's that?

HAPPY. It's a kind of secret society at college.

AARON. And air ye goin' to let me belong?

HAPPY. Surest thing you know. The first thing you have to do is to obey orders implicitly.

AARON. Do I get tossed in a blanket?

HAPPY. That comes later. Just at present there is a little piece you'll have to learn. I gathered from your father that you were something of an orator.

AARON. Yes, sir; I won a silver medal at a temperance contest. I can speak pieces real good.

HAPPY. This isn't a long piece. We are doing this to test your powers of obedience. It is now three minutes to five o'clock. For fifteen minutes you are to stand right here and whenever anyone passes you are to give them the hazing salute. That shows that you belong to the society.

AARON. Yes, sir. How do you do it?

HAPPY. First catch their eye. Then touch your forehead—so! Then give them a little wave of the hand—so! Remarking at the same time, "How-de-do, my name's Aaron; I'm a Freshman from Splinterville." You see we want everyone to know who you are.

AARON (*imitates*). Is that it? "How-de-do? My name's Aaron. I'm a Freshman from Splinterville."

PEPPER (*applauding*). Great! You're sure to make a big hit at college.

HAPPY. And remember that whatever happens you musn't say anything else.

AARON. Yes, sir. (*Mumbles words to remember them.*)

BEAU. You are to keep this stunt up until we come and relieve you. Understand? And repeat it to anyone who happens to pass.

AARON. Yes, sir. (*Gesture.*) My name is Aaron—

HAPPY. Hold on there. You've forgotten the "How--de-do!" Now try again.

AARON (*salutes*). How-de-do? My name's Aaron. I'm a Freshman from Splinterville.

HAPPY. Fine. You'll be a credit to the society. Come on, fellows; let's go down to the field and watch the practice. (*Exit R. with BEAU.*)

PEPPER. We'll be back soon, Aaron.

AARON. Yes, sir; I'll get along all right.

PEPPER. College life is going to make a man of you. (*Exit R. with BOYS.*)

AARON (*salutes*). How-de-do? My name's Aaron; I'm a Freshman from Splinterville.

Enter from L. two middle-aged PROFESSORS conversing in pantomime.

AARON (*coming to them and saluting*). How-de-do?

FIRST PROF. How do you do, sir.

AARON. My name's Aaron. I'm a Freshman from Splinterville.

FIRST PROF. Ah, er—very glad to hear it, I'm sure.

SECOND PROF. How vurry extr'ordinary!

FIRST PROF. Do you suppose he is quite sane?

SECOND PROF. Probably as sane as any student can be. (*They exeunt R. conversing.*)

Enter ABHEY from L.

ABHEY. Ah, good afternoon, mine friend. Haf you got any old cast-off clothing you vant to sell old Abey?

AARON (*saluting*). How-de-do?

ABHEY. I'm kervite well, thank you.

AARON. My name's Aaron; I'm a Freshman from Splinterville.

ABHEY (*shaking hands*). I'm delighted to make your acquaintance. But haf you got any—

AARON. My name is Aaron; I'm a Fresh—

ABHEY. Chure; you told me dot dere first time.

Enter from R. MRS. CHUBB and MRS. PICKENS, talking.

MRS. PICKENS. And when he asked me if I could let him have a room for two dollars a week, I actually had to laugh. These students are getting so that they actually

want the earth with a gilded fence around it, and all for two dollars a week.

MRS. CHUBB. I'm only taking four this year.

MRS. PICKENS. I've got eight already, and by putting three in my front room, I'll have 'leven. (*Sees ABEY.*) Abey, I want you to come up to my house tomorrow.

ABEY. Yes, mam. Vot can I do for you?

MRS. PICKENS. I held young Holloway's trunk fer his boardbill in June, and I haven't heard a thing from him. So I'm going to sell off his things to you.

AARON (*to* MRS. CHUBB). How-de-do? My name's Aaron—

MRS. CHUBB. Yes, I met you this afternoon. You're going to board with me.

AARON. I'm a Freshman from Splinterville.

MRS. CHUBB. Yes, your paw told me. We're going to be right good friends, Mr. Boggs.

AARON. My name's Aaron.

MRS. CHUBB. Well, I'll call you Aaron, then; it seems more homelike.

MRS. PICKENS (*to* ABEY). Now, don't you disappoint me.

ABEY. I'll be there ven der whistle blows.

MRS. PICKENS. I'll show these here students that they can't get the best of me!

MRS. CHUBB. Sometimes I think you are too hard on the boys, Violet.

MRS. PICKENS. The idea! It's business with me.

ABEY. Dot's der right idea. I've got a good old-time motto for my friends der students.

MRS. PICKENS. What is it?

ABEY. Always do your friends good. (*Exits R.*)

MRS. CHUBB. Now, ain't that nice. Always trying to do good to everybody—and him only a Jewish gentleman, too. That's a good motto, Violet.

MRS. PICKENS. Motto, bosh! I'm a hard working woman with eleven student imps of darkness to look after. And the price of prunes and rice has gone right straight up. Goodness only knows how I'll pull through this year.

MRS. CHUBB. My boys are always content with what I give them.

MRS. PICKENS. Mine ain't! I never see sich a lot of kickers, and I'll bet a round, red apple that not one of 'em gets half as good at home. Are you goin' down town?

MRS. CHUBB. Yes, I'm looking for Elyzabethe.

MRS. PICKENS. I can't see why on earth you keep that girl. She don't earn her board.

MRS. CHUBB. Oh, yes, indeed she does. Lizzie is a real good girl—and so ladylike, too.

MRS. PICKENS. Well, it ain't none of my business, of course, but if I was in your place I'd fire her before she could say scat! And then I'd make that husband of yours take her place.

MRS. CHUBB. Hennerly does all he can. He ain't in good health, you know, Violet.

MRS. PICKENS. I guess all that's troublin' him is fear o' work. You'll excuse my talking plain to you, Mary, but I always talk right out to my friends.

MRS. CHUBB. Yes, I know you do.

AARON (*muttering to himself*). Always do your friends good.

MRS. PICKENS. What's that you said, young man?

AARON. How-de-do. My name's Aaron; I'm a Freshman from Splinterville.

MRS. PICKENS. Say, you look here, young man; what are you tryin' to do—sass me? If you are I'll report you to Prof. Z. as sure as my name is Violet Pickens. I don't allow *no* student to get fresh with me.

MRS. CHUBB. There, there, Violet, he didn't mean no harm. He was tryin' to introduce himself, that's all. You see, he's from the country.

MRS. PICKENS. He'd better not cut up any monkey-shines around me!

MRS. CHUBB. He wasn't, at all. Why, he's one of my boys. He thought he was bein' polite to you.

MRS. PICKENS. Well, if that's the case, I won't report him. But you know yourself, Mary Chubb, what some of these students are.

MRS. CHUBB. We'd better be hurryin' along, Violet. The stores close so early.

MRS. PICKENS. Yes, I suppose we had. (*At L. entrance.*) But as I was sayin', there ain't a student livin' who can get the best of Violet Pickens. (*They exeunt L., talking.*)

AARON. I wonder when them boys 'll be back.

Enter CHERRY and LOIS from L.

AARON (*saluting*). How-de-do. My name's Aaron; I'm a Freshman from Splinterville.

LOIS. Oh, they are hazing him. Isn't it pathetic?

CHERRY. I think it's awfully funny. (*Approaches AARON.*)

AARON (*mechanically*). My name's Aaron. I'm a Freshman from Splinterville.

CHERRY (*innocently*). Is Splinterville a town or a summer resort?

AARON. How-de-do. My name's—

CHERRY. Yes, it's Aaron. Aaron, where's Moses?

AARON (*to LOIS*). My name's Aaron—

LOIS. So glad to have met you.

CHERRY. And how's all the folks in Splinterville?

AARON (*miserably*). How-de-do? My name's—

CHERRY (*imitating*). How-de-do. My name's Carruthers. I'm a Freshman from Dayton.

AARON (*forgetting*). Honest, are you a Freshman, too? Oh, I forgot! How-de-do!

LOIS. Come along, Cherry. You shan't make fun of him any longer. (*Crosses to R.*)

CHERRY (*at R.*) Good-bye, Aaron. Remember me to Splinterville. (*Exit R., followed by LOIS.*)

AARON. Gee, I wish I was back home in Splinterville. All the folks in town is down at the depot now watching the evening train to come in. I wonder if they miss me. I wish I'd went back with paw.

Enter LIZZIE from L. She meets AARON in C.

AARON (*saluting*). How-de-do. My name's Aaron. I'm a Freshman from Splinterville.

LIZZIE (*losing her dignity*). Splinterville! Did you say Splinterville?

AARON. How-de-do. My name's—

LIZZIE. Them eyes! It's him; it's him! Aaron. (*Goes toward him.*)

AARON. What's the matter? Are they hazin' yeou, too? (*Backs away.*)

LIZZIE. Aaron— look at me close—(*following him*).

AARON. That's what I'm doing.

LIZZIE. It's just like a romance! Don't ye know me? Don't ye recognize me?

AARON. Seems like I do, but I can't place you.

LIZZIE. I'm Lizzie—Lizzie Maud Feeny from Splinterville.

AARON. Oh, you hain't neither!

LIZZIE. I am. And he don't recognize me. This is too much.

AARON (*looks at her closely*). Honest! I believe you are. Why, I'd never a knowed ye in the world. You look like a princess.

LIZZIE (*modestly*). Oh, you Aaron!

AARON (*shakes hands warmly*). I'm tickled to death to see ye, Lizzie Maud. You remind me of old times. When I used to be—

LIZZIE. Yes, you used to be my beau.

AARON. And now you're a fine college lady. You're a queen.

LIZZIE. No, I ain't. I'm only Lizzie Maud.

AARON. And to think it's you. (*Shakes hands again.*) Here at college! Gee whiz!

LIZZIE. Aaron, what are you doin' down here?

AARON (*proudly*). I'm being hazed.

LIZZIE (*breathlessly*). Why—are—you a student?

AARON. You bet I am. (*Proudly.*) I'm a Freshman. Paw brung me to college today.

LIZZIE. Ain't that just heavenly!

AARON. Are you a student, too?

LIZZIE. Aaron Boggs, why ain't you writ to me?

AARON. Cause all the girls in Splinterville said you had a college fellow and that you had give me the mitten.

LIZZIE. It ain't true; not a word.

AARON. And ye ain't gone back on me?

LIZZIE. You know I ain't. I might be capable of many things, but heaving knows there ain't a deceitful hair in my pompadour. I'm not saying that I ain't had the students wild after me, but I always liked you the best, Aaron. And so you're a Freshman.

AARON. Yes, siree. I'm going to be a lawyer. I graduated second in the High School this year. There was three in the class.

LIZZIE. Let's walk along that way. (*Points to R.*)

AARON. I dassen't. I'm being hazed.

LIZZIE. Who's hazing you?

AARON. A fellow called Beau and a lot more. It's lots of fun.

LIZZIE. They shan't do it. They're making a fool of you, Aaron Boggs.

AARON. No, they ain't. I'm too cute for that. I'm joinin' their society.

LIZZIE. Joinin' fiddlesticks! I'll show that Beau Carter a thing or two. What did they tell you to do, Aaron?

AARON. Just to stand here till they came back and say that little piece.

LIZZIE (*anxiously*). They didn't say anything about dropping you in the lake, or tossing you in a blanket, or any nice little college festivity like that, did they?

AARON. They said something about a blanket. (*Proudly.*) I want 'em to give me the whole dose.

LIZZIE. Is that all you want? Well, you'll get it, all right, all right. (*Lights down a little.*)

AARON. I'm to wait right here by the fence for them.

LIZZIE. And then you'll get it.

AARON. Of course I will.

LIZZIE. It's a shame to treat a poor boy like that. And he trusts them, too. (*Blue light effect with the white, evening effect.*)

AARON. They told me not to say anything but my speech.

LIZZIE. It's that Beau Carter. I always thought he was a shine and now I know it. It's not so bad for Sophomores to do a little hazing; they don't know no better. But a Senior! He's a pill in spite of his popularity. I'll tell you what we'll do, Aaron. I want you to take me home.

AARON. I'd like to, Lizzie Maud, the best in the world, but honest I can't. They told me to wait here.

LIZZIE. Oh, they did, did they? Well, listen here; those fellows are all good friends of mine, and I can square you with them all right.

AARON. And won't they be mad at me?

LIZZIE. Of course they won't. I'll tell them that you took me home. It's getting dark and I can't go home by myself. Now you go over there by the library steps and wait for me. I'll be along in five minutes and then I'll see the boys at supper and explain that I needed you. I'll make it all right. Why, Aaron, every one of them boys is my obedient slave.

AARON. Well, I'd like to take you home real well. But I don't want 'em to git mad—

LIZZIE. They'll think more of you if you act polite and see me safe home.

AARON. I'm awful proud of you, Lizzie Maud, and you look just like a fairy princess.

LIZZIE. That'll be about enough. Now you go over to the library steps and wait for me.

AARON. Where is it?

LIZZIE. Right up that path, you can't miss it. I'll be there in five minutes.

AARON. All right; I'll wait for you. (*Crosses to R.*)

LIZZIE. Hurry on. It's getting dark.

AARON. Don't be long, Lizzie. (*Exits R.*)

LIZZIE. I'll show them funny college dubs a trick or two they ain't learnt yet. The idea of wanting to haze my Aaron, jest because he don't know their college ways. They little suspect he has a friend who'll never desert him, even unto the bitter, bitter end!

Enter BEAU from L.

BEAU. Hello, Miss Elyzabethe Maudelia, what you doing here?

LIZZIE. I just came up from downtown.

BEAU. You haven't seen anything of a fresh Freshman waiting around here, have you?

LIZZIE. You're the only fresh that I've seen in some time.

BEAU. I wonder where he is! (*Stage darker.*)

LIZZIE. I got a message for you, Mr. Carter.

BEAU. You have. What is it?

LIZZIE. It's from Miss Newcomb.

BEAU. From Evelyn? What does she want?

LIZZIE. I seen her down at the milliner store about a half hour ago and she asked me to tell you to meet her here at six o'clock.

BEAU. To meet her here?

LIZZIE. Them was her very words. "Elyzabethe, dear," says she, "please be good enough to ask Mr. Carter, in case you should see him, to meet me by the fence at six o'clock. I have something very important to tell him."

BEAU. All right, Lizzie. I'm certainly much obliged to you.

LIZZIE. Don't mention it, Mr. Carter.

BEAU. It was really awfully good of you.

LIZZIE. Oh, I'm just full of goodness—to my friends. Well, I guess it's me to the dining-room. (*Crosses to R.*)

BEAU. I'll see you at dinner.

LIZZIE. Will you? Not if I see you first. (*Exit R.*)

BEAU (*standing in place formerly occupied by AARON*). Now, I wonder what Evelyn wants with me! Something about the fraternity, I suppose. Maybe she's found some fresh material for us.

. Enter from L., HAPPY, PEPPER and OTHER STUDENTS, cautiously. They carry rope and have handkerchiefs over faces. Stage dark.

PEPPER. Got you! (*PEPPER and HAPPY grab BEAU and throw him down. Rough house on floor.*) Got the rope?

HAPPY. Here it is.

BEAU. Help! Help! You've made a mistake!

PEPPER. Now for the lake.

(PEPPER and HAPPY grab his arms, two students grab his legs and they carry him off L., screaming. This action must be quick and snappy to "hurry" music that swells as curtain falls quickly.)

PICTURE NUMBER TWO.

BOYS all out. Enter LIZZIE and AARON arm-in-arm strolling from L. to R.

LIZZIE. Oh, look, Aaron, the moon is coming out! (White flood light.)

AARON. Gee, Lizzie Maud, college life is jest scrumptious.

LIZZIE. And the moon; ain't it lovely?

AARON. And so are you. You're a fairy princess. (They stroll off R.)

SLOW CURTAIN.

ACT II.

SCENE: Front room in MRS. CHUBB'S boarding-house. Old-fashioned furniture and pictures. Pennants on wall. Large table with red cloth down R. Sofa down L. Rocking chair C. Smaller chairs around stage. Other old-fashioned pieces of furniture. Entrances C. D. to street; L. to rooms; R. to kitchen. Lights on full through the act.

When curtain is well up knock is heard at C. D. LIZZIE enters from R. and crosses to C. D.

LIZZIE (opening door C.). Why, it's Mr. Jones. Come in, Mr. Jones.

Enter CASEY JONES, C. D.

JONES. Good morning, Miss Feeny. How are you? (Down R. C.)

LIZZIE. Oh, I'm all right, Mr. Jones. I certainly am glad to see you back to college this year. (Down C.)

JONES. I'm glad to get back. I thought maybe you were sick. I didn't see you at the moving picture show last night.

LIZZIE. No, I had another engagement. You see a gentleman friend of mine has entered school as a Freshman, and he jest insisted on claimin' my first date.

JONES. I hear you have a Freshman rooming here, Miss Feeny.

LIZZIE. Yes, he's him. He's going to study law. (*Comes to R. C.*)

JONES. Is it true that Carter and some of his crowd were hazing the Freshman yesterday on the campus?

LIZZIE. Well, they started to, but they didn't get very far. Mr. Boggs and a friend of his'n were too cute for them. They were going to throw Mr. Boggs in the lake, but he escaped in the dark, and what do you think they did? They saw Beau Carter there and thought he was the Freshman! It was dark, you know; and they threw Mr. Beau Carter in the lake and he got wet!

JONES (*laughs*). Threw Carter in the lake!

LIZZIE. Um-hum! Wasn't that the funniest thing you ever heard of?

JONES (*still laughing*). I guess that will teach him a lesson.

Enter BEAU from L.

LIZZIE. I've often heard of hazing Freshman, but that's the first time in the history of the school that a prominent Senior was ever throwed in the lake.

JONES (*laughs*). And by his own crowd, too.

BEAU (*coming down*). Funny, isn't it? (*Down L. C.*)

LIZZIE (*laughing loudly*). Funny ain't no name for it! It's a scream!

BEAU. I suppose you thought that was a cute trick?

LIZZIE (*laughing*). I *know* it was. What do you think? (*Down R. C.*)

BEAU. I think it serves me right for stooping to speak to my inferiors.

LIZZIE. On your way, on your way! You are interrupting a little private conversation!

BEAU (*crosses to C. D.*). You haven't heard the last of that trick yet, young lady!

LIZZIE. Neither have you. It'll be all over the campus by the time you get there.

BEAU. Bah! (*Exit C. D.*)

LIZZIE. He was the funniest thing when he came home. He looked like a fish.

JONES. I'm certainly glad that one of that stuck-up crowd got what was coming to him. They think that just because their fathers have a little money that they can run this University.

LIZZIE. That's just what I think, too. This bunch here at our house is too conceited to live.

JONES. I'd like to meet this new Freshman. What is his name?

LIZZIE. Mr. Aaron Boggs. I think he's upstairs now. Take a seat, Mr. Jones. I'll tell him that you are here. (*Exit L.*)

JONES. If there is anything in this Freshman at all, he would be the very man to run for president of the Freshman class. Turning the tables on Carter and getting him thrown in the lake would make the biggest kind of campaign material. I think I can do it. Even if Carter's crowd *do* run a man for president, with this story we can beat 'em hands down.

Enter LIZZIE and AARON from L.

LIZZIE. Mr. Boggs, let me make you acquainted with my friend Mr. Jones.

JONES (*crossing and shaking hands with AARON*). I'm mighty glad to meet you, Mr. Boggs.

LIZZIE. Now, if gentlemen'll excuse me, there's things that's jest got to be did in the kitchen. (*Exit R.*)

AARON. Are you a student here at school?

JONES. Oh, yes, I'm a Senior. How do you like the place by this time?

AARON. All right, I reckon. Of course it ain't like home—

JONES. No, it isn't. Especially with the bunch of men here at the Angels'. How did you ever get in here?

AARON. Paw brung me here, and the lady said she had a room empty and paw took it for me.

JONES. That was quite a little excitement you had last evening.

AARON. Yes, the boys hazed me.

JONES. Seems more like you hazed the boys.

AARON. Mr. Carter is awful mad at me. He wouldn't speak to me last night.

JONES. That's just how stuck-up these rich students are. They think that because a man's father doesn't own a touring-car that he has no right at college.

AARON. I thought at college that every man was judged on his own merits.

JONES. And so they are by the majority of students. I came over to call on you because I thought you'd not know many fellows your first day. I thought I could be of some help to you. You don't suppose that Beau Carter or any of his crowd would do anything like that, do you?

AARON. No, sir; I don't suppose they would.

JONES. I tell you, sir, that we are sick of a few rich men running this school, so some of the Seniors have been talking the matter over and have decided to run one of the other kind for president of the Freshman class.

AARON. Do you mean run a poor boy?

JONES. I mean run someone who is not dominated by the influence of Beau Carter and his crowd.

AARON. I think every boy should be given a square deal.

JONES. How would *you* like to be president of your class?

AARON. Me?

JONES. Yes. After that affair last night you'd have an awful drag with all your classmates. The whole college is laughing at Carter this morning. I've waited three years for this opportunity to get even with him—and now I'm going to do it.

AARON. How?

JONES. By defeating his candidate for president. And

you are the man who is going to turn the trick for me. You were cute enough to land Carter in the lake last night, and you and I together can be cute enough to control politics in this school.

AARON. Then you want me to run for president just because Carter's joke turned out against him last night?

JONES. That's the idea. I'll give you the biggest campaign you ever saw—

AARON. No, I don't think you will.

JONES. Oh, yes, I will

AARON. Oh, no, you won't.

JONES. Why not?

AARON. Because I ain't going to run.

JONES. Oh, it will be the easiest thing in the world. All you'll have to do is to follow my instructions.

AARON. That's just it. If I'm elected president of the Freshman class, I'd follow convictions and not instructions! I don't know nothin' about bein' president no-how.

JONES. But you could beat Carter's crowd slicker'n a whistle. By noon today you'll be the hero of the campus. I'll tell you what I'll do. Don't say anything about this just now and this afternoon I'll introduce you to some of our crowd and we'll arrange matters then. In the meantime leave everything to me. Goin' over toward school?

AARON. No, sir; not yet.

JONES (*crosses to C. D.*) Well, I must hurry along. Have you got anything on from three till five?

AARON. No, sir.

JONES. Wait in your room for me. I'll drop by for you. So long! (*Exit C. D.*)

AARON. Good-bye!

Enter LIZZIE from R.

LIZZIE. Is he gone?

AARON. Yes.

LIZZIE. What did he want?

AARON. Wants me to run—for president of the Freshman class.

LIZZIE (*clasping hands*). Oh, Aaron, that will be just

grand. That's a awful high honor, and you'll make a perfectly gorgeous president.

AARON. I don't want to run for it.

LIZZIE. Now, Aaron Boggs, that ain't no way to talk. Where's your ambition? That's the way to learn how to be a lawyer. Start right in politics.

AARON. But I don't know how.

LIZZIE. You don't have to know how. Mr. Jones knows, and that's enough.

AARON. I ain't goin' to let no Mr. Jones run me.

LIZZIE. But after you git to be president you can do what you please. And I'll get to go to the Freshman's ball. Oh, Aaron, it's just heavenly!

AARON. He's just doing it because he don't like Mr. Carter.

LIZZIE. That don't make no difference. I guess you can show Beau Carter that you're just as good as him. Oh, please, Aaron, do it for my sake.

AARON. Well, if *you* want me to, Lizzie—

LIZZIE. You'll make such a magnanimous president.

AARON. Honest, will I?

LIZZIE. And how proud your paw will be when it comes out in the Splinterville Bugle.

AARON. But it will make the other fellows here all mad at me.

LIZZIE. What's the difference? But, Aaron, if you do get to be president, you'll like me just the same, won't you?

AARON. You bet I will. You're the finest girl in town.

LIZZIE. I could 'a sank right under the table at breakfast this morning when you discovered that I was only a waitress.

AARON. That don't make no difference to me, Lizzie. Tonight you and me will go to the moving picture show, just like we used to at Splinterville.

LIZZIE. I'll be charmed. That'll be jest gorgeous!

AARON (*close to her*). Honest, Lizzie, you're a peach!

LIZZIE (*bashfully*). Now you're making fun of me.

AARON. No, I ain't either. I like you better than any other girl.

LIZZIE (*bashful business*). Now you stop, Aaron.

AARON (*taking her hand*). Do you like me, Lizzie?

LIZZIE. I think you're jest gorgeous!

Enter Mrs. CHUBB from R.

MRS. CHUBB. Why, Lizzie, I'm surprised.

LIZZIE. Yes'm, I'm somewhat surprised myself.

AARON (*in confusion*). I was just hunting my catalogue.

MRS. CHUBB. Did you find it?

AARON. Not yet. I think I'll look in my room. (*Exit L., hurriedly.*)

LIZZIE. Aaron used to be my beau back in Splinterville.

MRS. CHUBB. I think he's a real nice young man.

LIZZIE. He's a dream, a regular dream! (*Knock on C. D.*) It's Mis' Pickens.

MRS. CHUBB (*crossing to door and opening it*). Why, Violet, I'm real glad to see you this morning.

Enter Mrs. PICKENS, C. D.

MRS. PICKENS. I'm dreadfully frustrated, Mrs. Chubb, and I ain't got a minute to spare; what with cooking and slaving fer eleven students, and every one a regular hyena in a Norfolk jacket, and goin' my own errands, and the price of provisions going right steadily up, and me a poor widow woman who has a hard time, I can't scarcely git along.

MRS. CHUBB. Do set down and rest a minute, anyhow. Shall I get you a drink of water?

MRS. PICKENS. No, thanks. I'll git one as I go through the campus. (*Sits and rocks.*) I ain't got a minute to stay. All my breakfast dishes is yet to be cleaned and there ain't an upstairs room been touched this morning.

MRS. CHUBB (*sitting*). I was just finishing in here. Lizzie!

LIZZIE. Yes, ma'am?

MRS. CHUBB. Would you mind doing the rooms this morning?

LIZZIE. Not at all, Mrs. Chubb! I'll be delighted. (*Cross to door at L.*) No wonder the students call this the model boarding-house. (*Exit L.*)

MRS. PICKENS. The idea of askin' that girl if she'd *mind* cleaning the rooms. Why don't you order her to clean them, like you should.

MRS. CHUBB. That ain't my way. Lizzie Maud's a real good girl and always does just right, if she's treated well.

MRS. PICKENS. You're too easy on folks, Mary Chubb. That's why you have to work so hard yourself. Have you heard the news?

MRS. CHUBB. No, what is it?

MRS. PICKENS. Them students was out hazing again last night. I think it's jest awful the way they let them carry on. Somebody ought to put a stop to it. What do you think they did?

MRS. CHUBB. I haven't the least idea. I've lived in a college town ten years now and there's no telling what they'll do next.

MRS. PICKENS. They threw one of the new students into the lake—that's what they did. Ain't it awful? Some of 'em'll be drowned the first thing we know, and then what will they say?

MRS. CHUBB. Oh, they don't mean any real harm, I guess.

MRS. PICKENS. And folks say it was some of the boys here at your house.

MRS. CHUBB. Oh, I hope not. My boys are all such nice young men.

MRS. PICKENS. They're students! And that's enough fer me. And students is students, the hull world over. If they stay at home and study their lessons, they don't do anything but burn light all night long; and if they're the other kind, they're jist as liable to set your house on fire as not.

MRS. CHUBB. Have you ever tried keeping young ladies?

MRS. PICKENS. Have I? Heaven preserve me from young lady boarders. It's true the boys are noisy, but the girls! They're nosey. Now, I'll leave it to you, which is the worst, noisin' or nosin'?

MRS. CHUBB. I just have four this year.

MRS. PICKENS. And I have eleven; and, believe me er not, Mary Chubb, they're bringin' my gray hairs in sor-

row to the grave. I jest dropped in to see if you didn't want to go down town with me. They're having a special sale at ——'s. (*Name local department store.*)

MRS. CHUBB. No, Violet, I don't think I can. I got so much to do this morning.

MRS. PICKENS. You jest work yourself into a decline—and I ask you, what thanks do you git fer it? What thanks do you git? (*Rises.*) Well, I must be getting on. I'm worked to death, Mary; them students 'll drive me into an early grave. (*Starts to door C.*) Then you can't come down town?

MRS. CHUBB. Not this morning.

MRS. PICKENS (*comes back to Mrs. Chubb*). Ain't it awful the way the meat trust is hammering us poor boarding-house ladies lately? I'm only going to have meat twice a day at our house. I've studied dietetics and there's every bit as much nourishment in rice as there is in stewed chicken—so I'm goin' to give 'em rice.

MRS. CHUBB. My boys all like chicken. We have it twice a week now.

MRS. PICKENS. And then oatmeal is jest full of nourishment, and it's so cheap. I bought a whole barrel full. I've got it to burn, and sometimes I do. But I must go. (*Crosses to door.*) Are you sure you don't want to go down town?

MRS. CHUBB. Not this morning, Violet.

MRS. PICKENS (*coming back*). Oh, I forgot to tell you! The Sophomores and the Freshmen are going to have an awful fight tonight. If you want to go, I'll stop by for you. They say it won't be as tame as last year.

MRS. CHUBB. I guess I can't go out tonight, Violet. When Mr. Chubb is home, I always like to stay with him.

MRS. PICKENS. But he isn't home much at night, is he?

MRS. CHUBB. Not as much as I'd like to have him.

MRS. PICKENS. I think it's a shame the way that man loafes, day in and day out. Of course, I wouldn't say so to anyone but you, but I'm a friend and I always say what I think. Well, good-bye! (*Cross up.*)

MRS. CHUBB. Good-bye, Violet.

MRS. PICKENS (*coming back*). Is there anything you want me to get for you downtown?

MRS. CHUBB. I can't think of anything just now. Good-bye.

MRS. PICKENS. Good-bye. I haven't got a minute to spare. It's nothing but slave, slave, slave all day long and half the night for me. Sometimes I wish there wasn't a student in America. Well, good-bye.

MRS. CHUBB. Good-bye. (*Knock at C. D.*)

MRS. PICKENS. There's someone knocking, Mary.

MRS. CHUBB (*Crosses to door and opens it*). Good morning.

EVELYN, LOIS, CHERRY and LORETTA *appear at door*.

EVELYN. Mrs. Chubb?

MRS. CHUBB. Yes, ma'am. Come right in. (*The GIRLS come down stage.*) Must you really go, Violet?

MRS. PICKENS. Well, not right away. I guess the downtown'll keep.

EVELYN. Mrs. Chubb, we are looking for a room.

MRS. CHUBB. I'm awfully sorry, young ladies, but I haven't any left.

MRS. PICKENS. Have you tried Mis' Simmons. She told me last night that she had a nice front—

EVELYN (*paying no attention*). Our house is overcrowded this year and we four thought we would like to room outside. We have heard that you keep the most home-like house in town.

MRS. CHUBB. The idea! Violet here has real nice rooms, too.

EVELYN. We couldn't consider any other place. Couldn't you possibly let us have two rooms?

LOIS. Yes, dear Mrs. Chubb!

CHERRY. As a kind of personal favor.

MRS. CHUBB. I have a nice double room here on the ground floor that I might let you have. I might ask the young men to move upstairs, and then you could all be together down here.

LORETTA. That would be lovely.

MRS. CHUBB. I don't think Mr. Carter would mind and I'm sure Mr. Jervis wouldn't.

EVELYN. I can answer for Mr. Carter. I know he'll let us have the room.

LOIS. And I am equally sure of Mr. Jervis.

MRS. CHUBB. I'd be awfully glad to have you girls. I've always wanted some girl roomers.

MRS. PICKENS. Mary, remember what I told you.

EVELYN. Could we look at the room, Mrs. Chubb?

MRS. CHUBB. Of course. They're right in here. The boys have gone out. Step in here. (*Exit L.*)

MRS. PICKENS. I don't approve of boys and girls rooming in the same house. I never allow it at my house. Don't you girls think that Mrs. Chubb's prices are a leetle high?

LOIS. We're willing to pay her prices to enjoy the privilege of rooming with the Angel. Come, girls. (*Exeunt GIRLS, L.*)

MRS. PICKENS. The impertinence of these here co-eds! They just want to room here to run after the boys. I ain't lived ten years in a college town for nothing.

Enter CHUBB, C.

CHUBB. Morning, Mrs. Pickens. What have the students been doing to you now?

MRS. PICKENS. Been doing to *me*? There ain't a student living who can get the best of Violet Pickens; and don't you forgit that, Hennery Chubb!

CHUBB. Pleasant weather we're having for September.

MRS. PICKENS. A hard working woman like me don't have no time to look at the weather. I tell you, Hennery Chubb, that me and your wife are downright slaves, jest wearing ourselves away to shadders workin' and frettin' to miale an honest living.

CHUBB. I've been telling Mary she ought to get more help.

MRS. PICKENS. Why don't you help her yourself?

CHUBB. Me? I'm a sick man, Mis' Pickens. No tellin' what time I'll shuffle off this mortal coil.

MRS. PICKENS. Sick? What's the matter with you?

CHUBB. It's my back. Sometimes I think I inherited plumbago. Then I'm troubled with nerves, too. I ain't a well man at all.

MRS. PICKENS. I reckon that the only thing the matter with you is spring fever.

CHUBB. Yes, I think I've got that, too.

MRS. PICKENS. No wonder Mary has to slave herself to death.

CHUBB. My wife doesn't have to do that, and you know it, Violet Pickens. If I could 'git my pension back from the government she'd never have to do another lick of work.

MRS. PICKENS. Yes, and if you'd buckle down and git a job, she'd be better off.

CHUBB. Now, you know that I do all that I kin. I'm not an able-bodied man, Violet Pickens.

MRS. PICKENS. Bosh! You've got the strength of an ox.

CHUBB (*scandalized*). The idea! That's preposterous. Do you hear—preposterous. Everyone in town knows that I'm afflicted.

MRS. PICKENS. Everyone knows that your wife is afflicted with a lazy, no-count husband who don't earn his salt.

CHUBB. Now, Mis' Pickens, you'll git me right angry in a minute.

MRS. PICKENS. I always say what I think. That's always been my sentiment.

CHUBB. I gather, then, that you don't think much of me?

MRS. PICKENS. You've gathered the truth. I don't!

CHUBB. And I'm a sick man, too. You ought to have some consideration for a sick man, who's got one foot in the grave.

MRS. PICKENS. You act like you'd got both feet there! Why don't you go in and help your wife right now? She's got four new roomers. Girls. And every last one of 'em will want curtains hung up and trunks dragged in and goodness only knows what!

CHUBB. Four new roomers? And girls? (*Gets hat*

quickly.) I've got to go downtown. Right away. I've got a friend waiting for me at the corner of the campus.

MRS. PICKENS. You'd better stay here and help your wife!

CHUBB. I can't do it. I'd like to; honestly I would. But when you have a weak back with the misery in your spine, you jest can't do any manual labor. I reckon Lizzie can help 'em hang their old curtains. (*Crosses to C. D.*)

MRS. PICKENS. Hennerly Chubb, why don't you brace up and be a man. What would your daughter say if she should come home and find her mother doing all the work?

CHUBB. Now, Mis' Pickens, you do pick on a poor sick man so. You ought to be ashamed. And me with one foot in the grave!

MRS. PICKENS. What would Dollie say? That's what I'd like to know.

CHUBB. Dollie ain't here. She's making forty dollars a week traveling on the moving picture circuit. She's a singer and a big favorite with the audiences. Dollie takes after her old paw.

MRS. PICKENS. I hope she ain't as lazy as you are.

CHUBB. There you go agin. Mis' Pickens, you ain't no right to talk to an afflicted man like you do. Some day, when I'm gone, you'll be sorry fer them unkind words.

MRS. PICKENS. Bah! Don't talk to me. Thank goodness I'm a widow. If you was *my* husband—

CHUBB. Don't try to imagine anything so awful. I'd rather be afflicted like I am now. Well, I got to go down town. Morning, Mis' Pickens. (*Exit CHUBB, C. D.*)

MRS. PICKENS. That man is enough to disgust any girl with married life. And my husband was jest as like him as two peas. Sometimes there is a lot of consolation in being a widow.

Enter MRS. CHUBB from L., followed by EVELYN, LOIS, CHERRY and LORETTA.

EVELYN. Everything is entirely satisfactory, Mrs. Chubb.

LOIS. Yes, indeed. We'll move over this morning.

MRS. CHUBB. The boys will be back at eleven o'clock. I hope they won't object to the upstairs room.

LORETTA. Of course they won't. The age of chivalry isn't quite passed.

CHERRY (*to LOIS*). And to think that I'm going to room in the very house with Mr. Jamieson. It's just like fate, isn't it?

LOIS. What will Mr. Harold of Dayton say?

CHERRY. What he don't know won't hurt him. Of course I like him the best, but I'm sure college boys are awfully nice, too.

LORETTA. Come on, girls. We've got just two minutes to reach the main building. (*GIRLS hurry to C. D.*)

MRS. CHUBB. I'll look for you, then, this morning.

EVELYN. We'll be here. Good morning. (*Exit C. D.*)

CHERRY, LOIS and LORETTA. We're awfully glad you took us in. Good-bye. (*Exeunt GIRLS, C. D.*)

MRS. PICKENS. Now, seen what you've done! Just piled up more work for yourself. Those four girls will cause more disturbance than twenty boys. Mark my words, Mary Chubb, you'll regret this step.

MRS. CHUBB. I don't think I will, Violet. I just love to have girls around the house. And then they didn't have any other place to go. Suppose my Dollie was in that fix?

MRS. PICKENS. Oh, I guess Dollie can take care of herself. Especially when she makes forty dollars a week.

MRS. CHUBB. I suppose she can, Violet. But she must get awfully lonesome playing vaudeville in all them little towns.

MRS. PICKENS. Well, I can't stay another minute. (*Cross to door C.*)

MRS. CHUBB. Come in and see me again, Violet.

MRS. PICKENS (*coming back to her*). Now you be firm right from the very start with them girls. Don't let them run over you. Tell them that they can have company only once a week and that by no manner of means are they allowed in the kitchen or laundry. And don't let 'em cook in their rooms.

MRS. CHUBB. I'll remember your advice, Violet.

MRS. PICKENS (*looking at watch*). My lands! It's nearly 'leven o'clock! And I ain't got a thing for dinner yet. (*Cross to door.*) They'd ought to have a special gilded throne in heaven for ladies who has to keep student boarders.

MRS. CHUBB. I do hope that I can please the young ladies.

MRS. PICKENS. Now don't you be too easy with them. (*Comes down.*) It seems like I had something more to tell you, but fer the life of me I can't think what it is. I think we boarding-house ladies ought to form a trust or a union or something like that. They do say that Mrs. O'Brien is letting her rooms at two dollars a week! Whoever heard of the like!

MRS. CHUBB. Some students can't afford to pay any more.

MRS. PICKENS. That's *their* lookout, not ours. I always did say that you were too soft-hearted, Mary. (*Cross up.*) Well, I simply *must* be going now. Good-bye.

MRS. CHUBB. Drop in again, Violet.

MRS. PICKENS. I will. Come over and see me. Good-bye. (*Exit C. D.*)

MRS. CHUBB. Poor Violet. She does have such a time getting anything done. That ain't my way. When anything has to be done, I go ahead and do it. What's the use of worrying?

MRS. PICKENS, *entering C. D.*

MRS. PICKENS. Did I tell you about the new mail order house? They're selling hams and bacon at twenty-two cents. That's seven cents cheaper than the groceries.

MRS. CHUBB. I always trade with Mr. Borger. You see he's a friend of Hennery's and is a real nice man.

MRS. PICKENS. Well, I just thought I'd let you know.

MRS. CHUBB. Thank you, Violet.

MRS. PICKENS. Well, good-bye. (*Exit C. D.*)

MRS. CHUBB. Good-bye. I sometimes wish that I had as much energy as Violet. And then again sometimes I don't.

Enter LIZZIE from L.

LIZZIE. I've cleaned everything up real nice, Mis' Chubb. Now you jest set still and rest a spell and let me get dinner.

MRS. CHUBB. The idea! You talk like I was an old woman.

LIZZIE. Well, let me help you anyhow.

MRS. CHUBB. Come along, then. What do you think of the new roomers?

LIZZIE. I reckon they're as good as the rest of 'em. They're kind o' toney, but they'll have to understand right from the first that I ain't no human slave to wait on co-eds. No, *ma'am*, and that's no nursery tale!

MRS. CHUBB. They all appeared like real nice girls. I know we're going to be real cosy here together.

LIZZIE. Far be it from me to cast any reflections, much less insinuations, but if they go flirting around with my fellow there's going to be trouble right from the start.

MRS. CHUBB (*cdossing to R.*). Oh, they won't do that!

LIZZIE (*following her*). You never can tell about those co-eds. They'd flirt with a lamppost if it had on a Norfolk jacket. (*Exit R.*)

MRS. CHUBB. Oh, Elyzabethe, you're so funny. (*Exit L., laughing.*)

Enter BEAU, PEPPER and HAPPY, C. D., with books, caps, etc.

BEAU. You were as much to blame as they were. You might have recognized me.

PEPPER. I didn't myself, but maybe some of the other fellows did, and maybe that's the reason you got it as hard as you did. (*Laughs.*) Honest, Beau, you must excuse me, but I can't help laughing. You made such a funny looking mermaid in the lake.

BEAU. Oh, cut the comedy! We'll get him tonight.

HAPPY. You will if you don't meet Lizzie Maud first. That girl is sharper'n tacks. Wasn't she the wise little sister, though, when she told Beau that Miss Newcomb wanted

him to wait for her? Talk about your gilded bait. He swallowed it, hook, bait and sinker! (*Laughs.*)

BEAU. I suppose it's all over college by this time.

HAPPY. Of course it is. Didn't you hear Lois and Evelyn referring to the man-eating shark? They meant you.

BEAU. Well, believe me, he won't escape so easily tonight.

PEPPER. Going after him again, are you? You'd better get your life insured this time.

BEAU. I won't need it; but he'll get all that's coming to him.

Enter CHUBB, C. D., with telegram in envelope.

CHUBB. Mr. Carter, Mr. Carter, I've got a telegram for you. I saw it down at the office and thought that it was something very important. I ran all the way. (*Gives telegram to BEAU.*)

BEAU. Thank you. Here's a little something for your trouble. (*Gives him coin.*)

CHUBB. Thank ye, kindly, Mr. Carter. You've got the principles of a true gent, you have.

BEAU (*absentmindedly*). Don't mention it.

CHUBB. No, sir; I won't. Gentlemen, excuse me. I've got a friend waiting down the street for me. (*Crosses up to door C.*) Excuse me. I'll have to hurry, for my friend's mighty dry—I mean my friend is mighty impatient. Morning, gents. (*Exit C. D.*)

BEAU (*opens telegram, reads, whistles with astonishment*). Great day in the morning! (*Reads.*)

HAPPY. No bad news, I hope?

BEAU. Astounding! What do you think? It's from Buster Gibson.

PEPPER. What's happened to Buster?

BEAU. It's about a Freshman. He wants us to look up and nab him. Old Stephen J. Boggs' grandson.

HAPPY. Has he got a grandson here at college?

BEAU. It seems so. Just listen to this. (*Reads.*) "Let the whole crowd get busy and rush the life out of Aaron Boggs—"

HAPPY *and* PEPPER. Aaron Boggs! From Splinterville?

BEAU. "He is the only grandson and heir of Stephen J. Boggs, the multi-millionaire. Came from Splinterville last evening. Rush hard and get him quick. Worth twenty million. Nab him, chloroform him, soak him, but get him; be sure you get him. No matter how he looks or what he does. The grandson of Stephen J. can do no wrong. Luck to you. Buster Gibson."

HAPPY (*whistles*). Entertaining angels unawares.

PEPPER. Worth twenty million! He don't look like twenty cents.

BEAU. That's sometimes the way. I always thought the lad looked rather distinguished.

PEPPER. How much is the grandfather worth?

HAPPY. About sixty million.

BEAU. Nonsense. He's probably worth ten or twelve million. Everyone exaggerates so.

HAPPY. Only ten or twelve million! I wonder how he manages to live!

PEPPER. Well, what do you think about it?

BEAU. I think it would be the greatest thing that Theta Nu ever did, if we could land the grandson of Stephen J. Boggs.

HAPPY. Then you're for him?

BEAU. For him? For the grandson of Stephen J.? Why, every bunch in college will be working like beavers inside of twenty-four hours. We've got the inside track. We must get him at once.

PEPPER. He looks like an awful Silas to me.

BEAU. What difference does that make? I guess we can tame him down and get him a decent tailor. He won't look half bad when he's fixed up.

HAPPY. You make a date with him, Pepper, and bring him over to the house for dinner. We'll see what the rest of the bunch thinks.

BEAU. There's no other way *to* think! If he's Stephen J. Boggs' grandson he'll get the biggest rush of the season.

HAPPY. Don't count your chickens, Pepper. We've

treated him pretty rough so far. Maybe he'll turn in and freeze us out.

BEAU. It will mean lots of work for us. We'll have to rush and rush hard. He'll be back here at ten. Will you be there, Happy?

HAPPY. Well, I *could* cut Greek.

PEPPER. And I might cut English. For the good of the cause, you know.

BEAU. Maybe we can get Evelyn to help us. She's just crazy about multi-millionaires.

PEPPER. Better get Lizzie Maud. He seems to have taken a shine to her already.

HAPPY. That shows he's a millionaire.

BEAU. Maybe he'd present the Chapter with a touring car.

PEPPER. More'n likely he'll sell them a gold brick. He doesn't look as though he made a daily practice of giving away touring cars.

Enter EVELYN, C. D.

EVELYN. Hello, boys.

ALL. Good morning.

BEAU. This is indeed a pleasure.

EVELYN. Why, haven't you heard the news? We're going to live here.

BEAU. To live here?

EVELYN. Yes. Loretta, Lois, that little Freshman Cherry Carruthers, and myself. The house was crowded and so we four thought we'd come over here. We've heard so much about the Angel.

PEPPER. And has she taken you?

EVELYN. Of course she has. Who could resist the four of us?

HAPPY. Gee, that's the greatest news I've heard since they closed the poker joints. Why, we'll be the original little happy family. That little Freshman, Miss Carruthers, is the sweetest little nectarine, believe me!

EVELYN. I just ran in to ask you and Pepper if you would mind taking the room upstairs and giving us the double room down here.

PEPPER. Mind; not at all!

BEAU. We'll give you anything in the whole house. Even unto the half of my kingdom.

EVELYN. Is Mrs. Chubb here?

BEAU. Yes. She's generally in the kitchen. Shall I call her?

EVELYN. I want to see her. The man is bringing our luggage over and we'll have him take your things upstairs.

PEPPER. All right. I'll go in and pack up. (*Exit L.*)

BEAU. Say, Happy, you run along and try to corral the Freshman.

HAPPY. All right. (*Crosses to C. D.*) The rush begins! Miss Newcomb, I'm after the biggest thing that ever struck the University. (*Exit C. D.*)

EVELYN (*calling after him*). Luck to you. How many have you pledged, Beau?

BEAU. Only one.

EVELYN. Isn't that unfortunate!

BEAU. He was the only one who could measure up to our standard, so far.

EVELYN. Really! Such ordinary looking boys are entering the University this year. I never saw such an impossible crowd.

BEAU. I think we're getting too democratic.

EVELYN. Why, only this morning a young woman I had never met actually spoke to me. She asked me the way to the president's office. Only fancy!

BEAU. They don't know any better. They're only Freshmen. After they've been here a few months they'll learn their proper sphere and treat us respectfully. Have you seen Button Simpson yet? He came in on last night's train with three trunks full of clothes direct from London.

EVELYN. Really! Did he ask after me?

BEAU. Of course; the very first thing. He tried to get a room here, but the Angel couldn't accommodate him. He says that even the Chapter houses are becoming entirely too democratic. He can't stand La Farge. *His* father is on salary, you know.

EVELYN. Really!

BEAU. I wasn't sure at first, so, unfortunately for me, I gave him the benefit of the doubt.

EVELYN. I'm so sorry you have only one new man. I wish I could help you.

BEAU. Maybe you can.

EVELYN. Whatever can I do?

BEAU. There's a young fellow here at the house that some of our fellows are considering. He is the grandson of Stephen J. Boggs.

EVELYN. Only fancy! The grandson of Stephen J. Boggs here at college!

BEAU. Yes. He is the Freshman you saw with his father on the campus yesterday.

EVELYN. Not that farmer?

BEAU. That's the lad. Strange, isn't it?

EVELYN. Are you sure he is related to the multi-millionaire?

BEAU. Absolutely. We got a telegram from Buster Gibson this morning.

EVELYN. He didn't look like the heir to twenty million, did he?

BEAU. That's always the way. When they get as rich as that it is almost impossible to spot them. But we'll make a man of him here.

EVELYN. I'll do anything I can to help you.

BEAU. I certainly do appreciate that, Evelyn. All our fellows do.

EVELYN. Is anyone else after him?

BEAU. I don't think so. We'll strike him while the iron is hot. Can you come over to a little dance tonight?

EVELYN. I think so.

BEAU. I'll tell you what I'll do. Suppose you go with him. That will give you a good chance to put in a good word for us.

EVELYN. But he looks so impossible!

BEAU. Probably he is just as impossible as he looks—now. But remember, his grandfather is Stephen J. Boggs.

EVELYN. I'll go with him. Did you say he was rooming here?

BEAU. Yes, with Happy. We have him surrounded.

Enter CHERRY, LOIS and LORETTA, C. D.

BEAU. Good morning, ladies.

ALL. Good morning.

BEAU. Evelyn has just been telling me the good news. Let me be the first to welcome you to the best boarding-house in town.

LOIS. Isn't it just dandy! We'll have some awfully good times.

BEAU. Girls, we're going to have a little informal over to our house tonight. You're all invited. Can you arrange it?

LOIS. Thanks awfully. I'll be delighted.

LORETTA. Yes, indeed.

CHERRY (*importantly*). I'm awfully sorry, but I have another engagement tonight.

LOIS. Oh, Happy will be there.

CHERRY (*eagerly*). Will he? Then, I'll be there, too.

LORETTA. You boys give such *distingue* informals. We always have such good times at your house.

LOIS. Evelyn, the transfer man is here with all our things.

Enter MRS. CHUBB *from* R.

MRS. CHUBB. I had the man take your things in the double room. Everything is ready for you. I hope you can get along with home cooking.

LOIS. Indeed, we can. Everyone in college knows about your home cooking.

EVELYN. And after three years at the Hall it will seem like paradise.

MRS. CHUBB. Especially with the nice young men I've got. If I do say it myself, I've got the four finest boys in college.

CHERRY. I'm sure you have.

LORETTA. Come, girls, let's see where the man is putting our things.

BEAU. Can I help you? I haven't anything until twelve o'clock.

LOIS. Oh, yes. I want you to fix a cosy corner for us.

BEAU (*without enthusiasm*). Delighted, I'm sure.

CHERRY. And I've got just oceans of pennants to put up.

BEAU. So pleased.

LORETTA. And I've brought my own curtains.

BEAU. Isn't that nice!

MRS. CHUBB. My husband will help you when he comes back. Hennery is so obliging.

BEAU. Yes, he is.

Enter AARON, C. D. He stops in confusion.

EVELYN. Here's Mr. Boggs! (*Goes to him.*)

AARON (*bashfully*). How-de-do. My name is Aaron—

BEAU (*goes to him cordially*). Good morning, Mr. Boggs. Girls, let me present Mr. Boggs. He's a Freshman and one of the finest fellows in the University.

CHERRY. I met Mr. Boggs yesterday. (*GIRLS surround AARON.*)

EVELYN. Have you heard the news, Mr. Boggs?

AARON. No, ma'am; I ain't heard no news.

EVELYN. Mrs. Chubb has taken us to room. Isn't that nice?

AARON. Yes, ma'am. Awfully nice.

EVELYN. And we must be awfully good friends.

LOIS (*aside to LORETTA*). Just look at Evelyn making eyes at the Freshman. I wonder what the attraction is?

LORETTA. He looks awfully countryfied to me.

LOIS. He was the student the boys were hazing last night. Evelyn isn't usually so gracious to Freshmen.

CHERRY (*to MRS. CHUBB*). I think I'll go in and try to put up some pennants.

Enter CHUBB, C. D.

MRS. CHUBB. Here's Hennery now. Maybe he'll help you. Hennery!

CHUBB. Yes, mother, I just dropped in —

MRS. CHUBB. Miss Carruthers wants you to help her fix some pennants in her room. You will, won't you.

CHUBB. Why, of course I will. Let's see. Where did I leave that step-ladder?

MRS. CHUBB. It's in the woodshed.

CHUBB. Hadn't she better wait till after dinner? I can work so much better then.

BEAU. Nonsense. Come on, Mr. Chubb; let's put them up now.

CHUBB. All right. But I just happened to think. I've got to go downtown.

MRS. CHUBB. What for? It's nearly dinner time.

CHUBB. I promised a friend of mine that I'd meet him on the corner. I like to forgot all about it. I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll hang your curtains and things for you this afternoon.

AARON. Maybe I could help you?

EVELYN. Oh, no, not for the world! We couldn't think of asking you to hang curtains, Mr. Boggs.

LOIS (*aside to LORETTA*). Will you listen to that! Wonders will never cease. Maybe they'll make a match!

CHERRY. I just have to unpack my trunks. I'm afraid all my hats will be mashed. (*To LOIS.*) Coming? (*Cross to L.*)

LOIS. Yes, we'll help you. (*Cross to L. with LORETTA.*)

MRS. CHUBB. You ladies and gentlemen must excuse me. I'm getting dinner. (*Exit R.*)

BEAU. Come on, Chubb, and hang the curtains.

CHUBB. But I've got sich a pain in my back.

BEAU. There'll be a half dollar for you.

CHUBB (*suddenly*). Where's that step-ladder? (*Loudly.*) Maw, where did you say that step-ladder was? (*Exit R.*)

BEAU. Wait a minute. (*Exit R.*)

EVELYN. Don't you think the campus is beautiful in September, Mr. Boggs?

AARON. Yes, ma'am, it's right pretty.

LOIS. Excuse me, Evelyn; we're going to hang the curtains. (*Exit L., followed by CHERRY and LORETTA.*)

EVELYN. Do you think you are going to like it here at college?

AARON. Yes, ma'am.

EVELYN. There are a great many girls here. Some boys object to co-education. I think that is such a peculiar po-

sition to take. You don't object to girls going to this school, do you?

AARON. No, ma'am, I don't object.

EVELYN. I think it's ever so much nicer. They add a refining influence; that is, if they are refined girls.

AARON. I think the girls here are real nice.

EVELYN. Flatterer! I suppose you are quite a lady's man at home.

AARON. Yes, ma'am. The girls always look at me after church.

EVELYN. Are there many pretty girls in your home town?

AARON. Quite some few. (*Looks at her.*) But I think the college girls are prettier.

EVELYN (*eyes cast down*). Honest, do you?

AARON. That's what I think.

Enter BEAU from R., followed by CHUBB with step-ladder.

BEAU (*crossing to L. and knocking*). May I come in?

LOIS. (*inside L.*). Of course.

BEAU. Bring the ladder in here, Chubb. (*Exit L.*)

CHUBB (*swings the ladder around and nearly hits AARON*). All right, Mr. Carter. Jest as you say. (*Starts toward L.*)

EVELYN. Mr. Chubb!

CHUBB (*turns and swings ladder around, hitting AARON*). Did you call me?

EVELYN. Yes. I want you to make a cosy corner in my room this afternoon.

CHUBB. Well, I'd like to real well, but I've got to see a friend of mine this afternoon. On business. Maybe I could make that cozy corner some time next week.

BEAU (*off L.*). Bring the ladder!

CHUBB (*swings ladder around*). Yes, sir. I'm coming. (*Trips over rug, falls to his knees with ladder. AARON helps him up. He exits L., limping.*)

EVELYN. I was just going over to the campus.

AARON. So was I.

EVELYN. Isn't that lovely. We can go together. I hope we'll be awfully good friends.

AARON. So do I. (*They cross to C. D.*)

EVELYN. I think it's going to be awfully cozy rooming here.

AARON. So do I. (*They stroll off C. D.*)

Enter LIZZIE in time to see them off.

LIZZIE. Well, what do you know about that! That girl is a human man-eater. She's after 'em all, and the more she's got, the more she wants.

BEAU, entering from L.

BEAU. I beg your pardon.

LIZZIE. It's time you did.

BEAU. Have you seen anything of Mr. Boggs?

LIZZIE. Yes, I did. The last I saw of him he was making tracks toward the main building and flirting with your girl.

BEAU. With Evelyn? That's good.

LIZZIE. Is that what you call it? Say, she's the original little beau catcher, ain't she?

BEAU. Oh, Evelyn knows a good thing when she sees it.

Enter HAPPY and PEPPER, C. D.

HAPPY. Say, Beau, have you seen anything of our man yet?

BEAU. He's over on the campus with Evelyn.

HAPPY. I think he's going to be a cinch.

LIZZIE. Mr. Jamieson, them remarks is totally uncalled for. Mr. Boggs is a perfect gentleman, if there ever was one.

PEPPER. He's a friend of yours, isn't he, Lizzie?

LIZZIE. Miss Feeny, please.

PEPPER. I beg your pardon. Miss Feeny.

LIZZIE. I've knowed Aaron since he was only that high. (*Measures.*)

HAPPY. Let me see; he's the grandson of old Stephen J. Boggs, isn't he?

LIZZIE. I've always heard so.

BEAU. Then he'll fall into some property, won't he?

LIZZIE. If he don't fall into the lake before, like you did.

HAPPY (*laughing*). I think he's a pretty good chap.

LIZZIE. Mr. Jamieson, take it from me, he's a king among men.

PEPPER. Come on, fellows; let's stroll over to the campus. Strike while the iron is hot.

BEAU. Good idea. (*Crosses to C. D.*) Come on. (*Exits C., followed by HAPPY and PEPPER.*)

LIZZIE. They've got the telegram. Aaron will get entree to the best social set in college. I might be a human slave working in a college boarding-house, but I'll give Aaron Boggs the best what is, or my name ain't Elyzabethe Mau-delia Feeny. (*Exits R.*)

Enter CHUBB from L. with step-ladder.

CHUBB. I declare, them girls worked me so hard that my nerves is all on edge, and I can feel the plumbago in my back. Guess I'll go downtown and git a dose of bitters. Nothing like bitters fer a nervous man with lumbago in his back. (*Puts ladder in corner.*) Jest got time to git downtown and back before dinner. (*Cross to door.*) Nothing to do around this house but work nowadays. And I'm a sick man, too. (*Exits C. D.*)

Enter MRS. CHUBB from R.

MRS. CHUBB. Dinner's coming along nicely. I do hope those girls will be pleased with their first meal here. (*Sits at C.*) Now, I've jest got time to do this mending before I make the pies. It's going to seem just like old times to have girls in the house once more. They'll remind me so much of my little daughter.

C. D. softly opens and DOLLIE appears with suitcase.

MRS. CHUBB. She's been gone two years now, playing on the stage in vaudeville, singing and dancing and cutting up just like she used to do at home. (*DOLLIE noiselessly sets suitcase down and tiptoes down behind MRS. CHUBB.*) Seems like she took most of the sunshine with her when

she went away. (DOLLIE *puts hands over* MRS. CHUBB'S eyes.) Elyzabethe, is that you? How you startled me! I was thinking of my own little girl. It isn't Elyzabethe! Who is it? It's—it's—(*opens arms*) my little girl come home again. My little girl's come home again!

DOLLIE. Mother, mother! (*Embrace.*)

MRS. CHUBB (*after a slight pause*). I'm most faint for joy!

DOLLIE. I just got in half an hour ago and wanted to take you by surprise. Oh, but I'm glad to see you again! Where's father?

MRS. CHUBB. He'll be here for dinner.

DOLLIE. Poor old father! Still looking for a job?

MRS. CHUBB. He ain't been real well, Dollie. Oh, I'm so glad to see you again!

DOLLIE. I've been longing for this minute for nearly two years. I had a week's vacation and took the first train home.

MRS. CHUBB. You're as pretty as a picture.

DOLLIE. Now, mother! Don't spoil me. I get enough of that on the road. And my little turn has been *so* successful. I've a good offer to go into musical comedy next season. I'm going to accept and they're going to feature me. Seventy dollars a week and all expenses. And you and dad are to come with me to New York.

MRS. CHUBB. I'll give you your same little room. It's been waiting for two years, and I sometimes think that that little room has been lonesome, too, waiting for the little girl who went away.

DOLLIE. But now I'm home and for a whole week. And then next year we can all be together. I want you to give up keeping boarders. You shouldn't work so hard. There's no need of it.

MRS. CHUBB. I jest love to do it, Dorothy. And it ain't near as lonesome with a house full of students when you're away.

DOLLIE. Is Lizzie here yet? I've bought her the loveliest New York frock. And just wait till you see what I've got for you and dad.

MRS. CHUBB (*sniffs*). Don't you smell something burning? I've got to look after my dinner. (*Cross R.*)

DOLLIE. Give me a kitchen apron and I'll help you.

MRS. CHUBB. Now you stay right here till I come back.

DOLLIE. Not me. I'm going to help cook. Come on mommy! (*Exeunt R.*)

Enter AARON, C. D.

AARON. My, but she's a nice girl. And she said she'd see me at the dance tonight. These fellows are awfully nice to me. I wonder if I'll have to get a new suit to wear to the dance tonight. And her name is Evelyn. She's the prettiest girl in school.

Enter LIZZIE from R.

LIZZIE. Oh, Aaron, Mis' Chubb's daughter has come home to stay a week. Ain't that grand? She's on the stage and wears the loveliest clothes. Where have you been?

AARON. Over on the campus with Mr. Carter and the boys.

LIZZIE. How do you like college life by this time, Aaron?

AARON. I didn't like it at all this morning, but the fellows are treating me great now. They're going to take me over to their house fer dinner and they're going to have a dance tonight.

LIZZIE. And I suppose you are going?

AARON. Sure I am. Happy is going to teach me the two-step and the tango.

LIZZIE. I suppose they'll be wanting you to join Theta Nu next.

AARON. Mr. Jervis did say something about it. Oh, Lizzie Maud, I think college life is going to be fine and dandy.

LIZZIE. I suppose when you join them that every yard of cross-barred muslin and natural waved switch in town will be makin' eyes at you.

AARON. What's the difference? You know I like you the best, Lizzie Maud.

LIZZIE. That may be what you think now. But, honest,

Aaron, you never can bank on a college man. He goes with one girl one night and springs the same old gag on another fairy the next morning. I'm sick and tired of it all. I'm going to make a grand getaway from this tank town in June. It's me for the five-cent picture show and the corner drug store-ice-cream soda of Splinterville after next June.

AARON. Splinterville is too dead even to get on the map.

LIZZIE. Why, Aaron Boggs! I'm surprised—and ashamed—and humiliated to the dust, to hear you speak thataway of dear old Splinterville.

AARON. The boys back home are so tame.

LIZZIE. I don't care if they are; I'd rather have one of 'em than half a dozen of these society shawl-holders here at college.

AARON. Happy says he'll introduce me to all the swell-est folks in town tonight.

LIZZIE. Tonight? I thought you'd already made a date to take me to the moving picture palace tonight.

AARON. I did, that's right. And you know I won't go back on you, Lizzie.

LIZZIE. But I know you'd rather go to that dance. Now, wouldn't you?

AARON (*hesitates*). Well—

LIZZIE. You know you would. Well, go. It'll be all right with me.

AARON. Then, you don't care, Lizzie Maud?

LIZZIE. Care? Of course I don't. I want you to have a good time here at college. I'm only a waitress.

AARON. What if you are? You're as good as any of 'em.

LIZZIE. No, I ain't. You want one of these college Janes who can talk piffle and who has an attack of the giggles every two minutes. No, Aaron, I won't stand in the way. You go to the Theta Nu dance and have a good time. I'll—

AARON. What are going to do?

LIZZIE. Going to stay home and can cucumber pickles.

AARON. And you ain't mad?

LIZZIE. With you? No, Aaron, I ain't mad. I thought

this morning that things would be like they used to be back home. But college makes a difference.

AARON. Well, I'll see you tomorrow.

LIZZIE. Yes, I'll wait on you at breakfast.

AARON. Don't think that this is going to make any difference with me, Lizzie Maud. I like you every bit as much as I used to back in Splinterville. Only—

LIZZIE (*softly*). Only?

AARON. Well, this ain't Splinterville, is it?

LIZZIE (*sadly*). No, this ain't Splinterville.

Enter PEPPER, BEAU and HAPPY from L.

BEAU. We've been looking all over the campus for you. Mr. Boggs. We want to take you over to the house now. There's a whole bunch of our fellows you haven't met yet.

PEPPER. I hope you'll like our fellows, Boggs.

AARON. Oh, I like them all right. I hope they'll like me.

HAPPY (*slapping him on the back*). Oh, they're sure to like you. Because you're a jolly good fellow.

PEPPER (*sings*)—

For he's a jolly good fellow,

BEAU and HAPPY (*joining in*)—

For he's a jolly good fellow,

For he's a jolly good fellow,

Which nobody will deny."

(*They surround AARON and move to C. D. and off stage, singing.*)

LIZZIE (*during the preceding scene has stood transfixed with her hands clasped. As AARON exits she extends her arms toward him as if entreating him to stay. After a pause*). And I thought he was the same old Aaron. (*Pause, then low sob.*) But he isn't; he isn't.

MALE QUARTET (*heard singing off stage*)—

Farewell, farewell, my own true love,

Farewell, farewell, my own true love!

MRS. CHUBB (*off R.*). Lizzie, are you there? (*Singing continues softly.*)

LIZZIE (*sighs*). Yes'm, I'm here.

MRS. CHUBB (*off R.*). I've got the cucumbers all ready.

LIZZIE. Yes'm, I'm coming. (*Pause. Singing continues.*) Oh, I can't! I can't. Why did I ever send that telegram? (*Sinks on sofa and sobs.*) It's all over; it's all over! (*Sobs.*)

SLOW CURTAIN.

ACT III.

Same as Act II. A week later and about 7:30 p. m. HAPPY and CHERRY discovered at table down L., making fudge on a chafing dish.

HAPPY. You Freshmen certainly had a big time this afternoon.

CHERRY. Indeed, we did. It was our first class meeting.

HAPPY. And Aaron was elected president.

CHERRY. Yes, a unanimous election. So many of the girls thought that when Casey Jones had Aaron put up, Mr. Carter would put up another candidate.

HAPPY. I guess Mr. Carter is pretty well satisfied with the election.

CHERRY. Then Aaron was the candidate for both factions?

HAPPY. That's the answer. Casey Jones and his crowd never dreamed that Aaron was the very man we wanted elected.

CHERRY (*with excitement*). Oh, I think college politics are just too exciting for anything.

HAPPY. Look out, the fudge might burn.

CHERRY. Aaron is fast developing into a typical college sport.

HAPPY. Yes, indeed. He looks like a poster.

CHERRY. Is he going to be in the crowd tonight?

HAPPY. Of course. He rooms here at the house and we fellows are going to help make his college life profitable.

CHERRY. That's awfully nice of you.

HAPPY. Oh, we're not entirely disinterested. Some day he'll be one of our own crowd.

CHERRY. Mr. Carter seems to have taken a great fancy to him. (*Cross to C.*)

HAPPY. Oh, yes, that's just like Beau. He's taken a great fancy to Miss Chubb, too. (*Follows her.*)

CHERRY. I've noticed it. We girls think she's a dear. All but Evelyn.

HAPPY. Naturally she doesn't think so.

CHERRY. Why?

HAPPY. Because the lady made such a hit with Beau.

CHERRY. She doesn't seem at all like an actress. She's perfectly refined and ladylike. And doesn't she dress in good taste? And looks—I think she's the prettiest girl I've ever seen. Don't you?

HAPPY. Almost. I know one who's got her backed off the boards.

CHERRY. It must be that Miss Gladys the boys are always joking you about it.

HAPPY. No, it isn't, either—and I haven't heard from Gladys for an awful long time. I used to be crazy about her—but that was before I met you. (*Tries to take her hand.*)

CHERRY. Oh, Mr. Jamieson, look at the fudge! (*Runs to table.*)

HAPPY. Oh, fudge! (*Follows her after slight pause.*)

CHERRY. Do you know I think you're an awful jollier.

HAPPY. You misjudge me. I'm just as sincere as I can be. Now, honest, you don't think that I'd jolly you, do you?

CHERRY. I don't know. You see the men here at college are so different from the men back in Dayton.

HAPPY. You're always talking about the men in Dayton. I'll bet you've got a steady there. That's why you go to the postoffice so much.

CHERRY. I have some awfully good friends at home—of course.

HAPPY. That's always the way with college girls. They'll flirt around with a college man and then go back and marry the man at home.

CHERRY (*spiritedly*). How about college men? They do the same thing.

HAPPY. I never would do that. I never believe in going with two girls at the same time.

CHERRY. Now tell me the truth. Are you corresponding with some girl away from here? Aren't you?

HAPPY. Look at the fudge. I think it's burning.

CHERRY. No, it isn't. You see I know all about you college men. I've learned a lot in two weeks.

HAPPY. Honest, little Cherry Blossom, I'll cut out my correspondence if you want me to.

CHERRY. Of course I don't. It's nothing to me how many girls you write to, Mr. Jamieson. (*Loftily crosses to C.*)

HAPPY. Now don't talk like that, little Cherry. (*Comes to her.*) I'd rather be here with you watching you make fudge than be talking to any other girl on earth.

CHERRY. Would you, honestly?

HAPPY. You bet I would. And when I look at you with—(*takes her hands*).

Enter EVELYN from L. HAPPY and CHERRY spring apart and act unconcerned.

EVELYN. Look out! You'll burn the fudge! (*At C.*)

CHERRY. I was just going to get some vanilla.

EVELYN. There's some in my room. Ask Lois for it.

CHERRY. Don't you let the fudge burn while I'm gone. (*Exit L.*)

HAPPY. Well, Boggs was elected president of the class. (*At R. C.*)

EVELYN. I'm so glad. Mr. Boggs is so interesting. He's quite the nicest Freshman I've ever met.

HAPPY. And his grandfather is a multi-millionaire.

EVELYN. Yes; but of course that makes no difference.

HAPPY (*sarcastically*). Of course not. It's taking Cherry a long time to find that vanilla. Excuse me, I'll go help her. (*Crosses to L.*)

EVELYN. I thought you told me last week that you were engaged?

HAPPY. I did. But look at you and Beau Carter.

EVELYN. Beau Carter! The idea. He does nothing but flirt with that little actress.

HAPPY. Nothing else for him to do. You're always busy teaching Aaron Boggs how to take a joke. Back in a minute. Cherry, oh, Cherry! (*Exits L.*)

EVELYN. He's becoming too impertinent for any use. I'll have to cut him off my list. (*Cross to L.*)

Enter BEAU and DOLLIE, C. D.

DOLLIE (*entering*). And the most exciting thing about it all was that Mr. Boggs took the whole thing so calmly. (*Comes down R.*) Oh, I beg your pardon.

EVELYN. I was just going.

BEAU. Boggs was elected. The Freshmen are bringing him home in triumph.

EVELYN. I must go and congratulate him. I know you'll excuse me. (*Exits C. D.*)

DOLLIE. Isn't she pretty? I wish I were a college belle instead of only a little vaudeville performer.

BEAU. Just wish that you were yourself. You couldn't be improved upon. (*At R.*)

DOLLIE. Oh, Mr. Carter, you say the nicest things.

Enter HAPPY and CHERRY from L.

HAPPY. Hello. What's all the excitement down the street?

BEAU. The Freshmen are bringing their new president home in triumph.

CHERRY. The Freshmen! And I'm not there. (*To HAPPY.*) Now just see what you've made me miss.

HAPPY. Come on; let's beat the fudge. (*Takes chafing dish.*)

CHERRY (*to DOLLIE*). Do you want to help us?

DOLLIE. Indeed I do. Shall we, Mr. Carter?

BEAU. In a minute. (*All exeunt L.*)

Noise outside C. D. *Enter AARON and JONES, C. D.* College yell given off stage followed by nine raahs for Boggs.

AARON (*speaking out of window*). Much obliged, fellows. Good-night.

VOICES. So long. Hurrah for Boggs! Freshmen! etc. (*Dies away in distance.*)

JONES. Well, that was pretty neat, Boggs.

AARON. Hello, Casey, ain't you going to congratulate me? (*Down C.*)

JONES. I don't know whether I am or not. (*Down R. C.*)

AARON. Why, what's the matter with you? I was elected, wasn't I?

JONES. Oh, yes, you were elected all right. The funny thing about the whole business is that Beau Carter's crowd didn't put up a rival candidate.

AARON. I don't see what difference that makes.

JONES (*slowly and with significance*). If you'll stick to the side that elected you, it won't make any difference.

AARON. Seems to me that both sides elected me. It was unanimous, you know.

JONES. You understand what I mean. You are now president of the Freshmen class because I put you there. Not because they were too frightened to put up a candidate. You are the representative of our faction and as such you are in honor bound to stand with the men who put you in.

AARON. I want to be friends with everybody.

JONES. You mean you are trying to get into the Beau Carter set, don't you?

AARON (*hotly*). No, I don't. But even if I did I don't think that it is any of your affairs.

JONES. They saw that one of our men was bound to be elected and now they are trying to make you act the Judas! (*AARON crosses close to JONES.*)

AARON. That'll be about enough from you, Casey Jones. I told you the very first day you asked me to run for president that I would stand by my convictions and not be run by any one faction or any one man—and that's just what I'm going to do! And if you don't like it, the best thing for you to do is to say good-night!

JONES. If this crowd is so keen for you now, why did they wait till you came out for the presidency before they took you up?

AARON (*hesitates*). That's right—why did they? (*Slight pause.*) Well, what do you want me to do?

JONES. I want you to come out in your true colors. I want you to take your stand on the side where men are treated as men because of their own worth, and not because of the money their father has.

AARON. Honest, Casey, I think you misjudge those fellows. There's not a finer fellow anywhere than Jimmie Jamieson.

JONES. Well, the best thing for you to do is to steer clear of that whole crowd. You can't afford to keep their pace, can you?

AARON. No, I guess not.

JONES. Some of these college queens expect a man to spend as much as a dollar every time he takes her out. And if you go with that set you've got to keep up your end.

AARON. I know it. I've only been in college a week and I've spent two months' allowance already.

JONES. That's the answer.

Enter LIZZIE, R.

JONES. Good evening, Miss Feeny.

LIZZIE (*shakes hands with JONES*). Good evening, Mr. Jones. I'm awfully glad to see you.

AARON. Good evening, Lizzie.

LIZZIE (*distantly*). Good evening, Mr. Boggs.

JONES. He's President Boggs now. We elected him this afternoon.

LIZZIE. I'm awfully glad, Aaron; honest, I am. (*Cross to AARON, L. C.*)

AARON (*nervously*). Thank you, Lizzie.

LIZZIE (*shaking hands*). I suppose you'll allow an—old friend to congratulate you.

AARON. Lizzie, I want to speak to you. I've been waiting for two days and you'd never give me the chance.

JONES. Well, I've got to be wandering along. (*Cross to C. D.*) Think over what I have said, Aaron. Maybe Miss Feeny can help you. Come over and take dinner with me tomorrow.

AARON. Thank you. I will.

JONES. Good-night, both. (*Exit C. D.*)

AARON. Good-night.

LIZZIE. I guess you'll have to excuse me, Aaron; there's a whole pile of work to be did. I'm awfully busy.

AARON. Let it go a while, Lizzie Maud. Now I want to know why you've been avoiding me here lately?

LIZZIE. I ain't been avoiding you.

AARON. Yes, you have.

LIZZIE. Well, I thought that was the very thing you wanted me to do.

AARON. I don't see why.

LIZZIE. Yes, you do. You know that Beau Carter and Pepper Jervis and Happy Jamieson jest look at me like a worm of the dust. Not to say nothing of Miss Evelyn Newcomb. Oh, Aaron, I've been a fool! I sent a telegram and told a lie and acted wicked, and now I've got to bear the bitter, bitter consequences.

AARON. I don't believe it, Lizzie Maud. You're the best friend a fellow ever had. You're too good for me.

LIZZIE. But if you're ever going to be a society success with Beau Carter and his crowd, you can't be seen talking to a hired girl.

AARON. If Beau Carter and his crowd don't like who I talk to, they needn't listen. I'm sick of hearing every one say that the highest thing a man can get here at college is recognition by that Beau Carter crowd. There's lots of other things worth while. There's other fellows and other girls, and the churches and the picture shows, and there's even studying to do.

LIZZIE. Yes—but it's jest grand to be in society.

AARON. If they like me for myself all right. But if they are only going with me because I'm president of the Freshman class—

LIZZIE. President of the Freshman class! Do you think

that's the reason they've taken you up? Not much! What do they care for the president of the Freshman class?

AARON. Well, if that's not it, it must be because they really like me. I don't see any other reason.

LIZZIE. Maybe they think you're rich.

AARON. No, they don't. They've seen paw and they know we ain't rich.

LIZZIE. But ain't it awful nice to be with them in their parties and dances and to know those girls?

AARON. No, it ain't. I'm getting sick and tired of it all. I'd a good deal rather go with you to the picture show tonight than take any of those girls to a dance.

LIZZIE. Aaron Boggs, if I thought you was telling the truth—

AARON. I *am* telling the truth. And I'll tell them so, too. If they are too good for you, Lizzie Maud, they're too good for me, too.

LIZZIE. Aaron, you're a king among men!

Enter BEAU from L.

BEAU. Hello, Boggs, I've been looking for you!

LIZZIE. Pray, don't let me keep you from your more important engagements, Mr. Boggs.

AARON. Don't go, Lizzie Maud.

LIZZIE. You fergit there's things in the kitchen to be did—and that's what I'm hired for. (*Cross to door R.*) Au reservoir! (*Exit R.*)

AARON. Lizzie Maud's a fine girl all right, all right.

BEAU. Do you think so?

AARON. You jest bet I do. I don't care if she is a waitress.

BEAU. I want to congratulate you on winning out as president of the Freshman class. It was sly work, old man.

AARON. Thank you.

BEAU. Wasn't Casey Jones up here a little while ago?

AARON. Yes.

BEAU. Now that you've won the election, I don't see that you have any further use for muckers like Casey Jones.

AARON. Casey Jones is a friend of mine.

BEAU. Oh, that was before the election.

AARON. The election will make no difference.

BEAU. Yes, but you don't understand. Casey Jones is hardly in our set.

AARON. Well, I'm not either.

BEAU. No, but you're going to be.

AARON. Why? Just because I was elected president of the Freshmen class.

BEAU. Not at all. Do you think we extend our circle to include every officer in college? You are to be with us because the grandson of Stephen J. Boggs belongs to us. (*Proudly.*)

AARON. Grandson of who?

BEAU. Stephen J. Boggs, the richest man in the State.

AARON. I've heard of him.

BEAU (*aghast*). Heard of him? He's your grandfather, isn't he?

AARON. No. I wish he was.

BEAU. Isn't Stephen J. Boggs your grandfather?

AARON. I said he wasn't. My grandfathers are both dead. And each of them was an honest man—there wasn't a multi-millionaire in the bunch.

BEAU. Why, I don't understand. I—that is, we—I heard that you were his grandson.

AARON. Somebody's been stringing you.

BEAU. I don't understand it at all.

AARON. Is that the reason you wanted me in your set?

BEAU (*confused*). Well—not exactly—but that was a great recommendation. Of course under the circumstances—(*hesitates*).

AARON. Under the circumstances you don't want me.

BEAU. I'll have to see the other fellows.

AARON. There ain't no use in that. I resign right now. There came near being a big mistake, but luckily I found it out in time.

BEAU. I'm awfully sorry that we made a mistake—

AARON. I think that I'm the one who made the mistake.

You see, I thought you really wanted me for myself. (*Bitterly.*) Funny, wasn't it?

Enter EVELYN, C. D.

EVELYN. Why, Mr. Boggs, I've been looking everywhere for you. I want to congratulate you. It was a great success.

AARON. Thank you, Miss Newcomb.

BEAU (*crossing L.*). I'll see you later, Boggs. Save me a dance tonight, Evelyn. (*Exits L.*)

EVELYN. Ever since Beau's been going with that actress he's unbearable, positively unbearable. I won't give him a single dance. Let him dance with that vaudeville queen. I've saved several for you, Mr. Boggs.

AARON. I don't think I'll go to the dance.

EVELYN. Not go? How extraordinary! Why, it's in your honor.

AARON. The boys here at the house have made a big mistake. They thought that I was another fellow. They thought that I was the grandson of Stephen J. Boggs.

EVELYN. Thought you were? Why, aren't you?

AARON. I've never even seen him.

EVELYN. But you are going to join their crowd, aren't you?

AARON. No, I'm not.

EVELYN. This is really extraordinary.

AARON. I don't think so. There's been a mistake made, but I've found my proper place in time.

EVELYN. Really, I must be going. You'll excuse me, won't you?

AARON. Yes, ma'am.

EVELYN (*crossing to L.*). Wait till I find Beau Carter, that's all. (*Exits L.*)

AARON. I guess Casey Jones was right after all. They don't none of 'em want me. I ain't got a friend in college. Not a friend.

Enter LIZZIE from R.

LIZZIE. Aaron!

AARON. Lizzie Maud, I thought you'd gone down town.

LIZZIE. I didn't go. My escort didn't show up.

AARON. Say, do you want to go to the picture show with me?

LIZZIE. Do I? (*Pause.*) Do you want to take me?

Enter CHUBB, C. D., slightly intoxicated.

CHUBB. Evening, Lizzie. Where going?

LIZZIE. Where am I going? That's a pretty question for you to be asking. I was looking for you. We've been waiting for that load of wood all day.

CHUBB. Waitin' fer what?

LIZZIE. Listen to him talk! And his poor married wife and me there in the kitchen all day working like human slaves and wearing our fingers to the bone peelin' onions for a bunch of snip-doodle students, and him downtown makin' a human faucet of hisself!

CHUBB. Now, Elyzabethe, that ain't no way to talk to an aged and feeble man. I'm an invalid with spring fever and other complaints too numerous to mention, to say nothing of my plumbago.

LIZZIE. I don't see how you got the nerve to stand there and address them words to me. Your wife's been waiting for that load of wood all day.

CHUBB. Wood—what wood?

LIZZIE. Heavings, he's forgot all about it. Oh, these men, these men! Now see here, Mr. Hennery Chubb, didn't you get that load of wood?

CHUBB. Got the load all right, all right—but I forgot the wood.

LIZZIE. And you call yourself a man! Heaven alone knows what we poor women suffer.

CHUBB. Where's my wife?

LIZZIE (*pulls him up to R.*). She is there. Go in and tell her your fairy tales.

CHUBB. I'm a sick man, Elyzabethe Maudelia, with the plumbago in my back and the spring fever. (*Exit R.*)

Enter HAPPY and CHERRY from L.

HAPPY. Hello, Aaron. How's the president?

AARON. Finer'n silk. How are you? (HAPPY crosses to him down L.)

HAPPY (aside to AARON). Everything's all right. We're engaged.

AARON. Who? You two? Shake!

HAPPY. Ain't she all candy! She said she'd take me on one condition; that was easy—I entered college with six!

AARON. Are you going to the dance?

HAPPY. Not us. Too big a crowd. We're going to the picture show.

Exit HAPPY and CHERRY, C. D., merrily laughing and talking.

LIZZIE. Ain't some people lucky?

AARON. Yes, they are—and there's a reason for it. It's because they find themselves. Some people spend weeks and months and some spend years finding themselves. Some never do. But you and me are going to be jest as happy as Jamieson and little Miss Cherry. It's taken me quite a while to learn where I belong here at college, but at last I've found myself—and I've found you. (*Music: Any love song played softly.*)

LIZZIE. Oh, Aaron, you talk like the hero in "Wooed for Herself Alone."

AARON. And you and me are going to walk the road to happiness.

LIZZIE. With never a backward look or a sigh of regret.

AARON (*changing tone*). Get your hat, kid, and let's go to the movies.

LIZZIE. Heavings, but I'm happy.

AARON (*after slight pause*). So am I. (*He takes her hands.*)

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SYNOPSIS.

Act I.—Chowderville on a busy day. Honeysuckle and St. Cecelia astonish the rubes. The boy whose father was bad. "Do I look like a tall-grass sister?" Miss Dee, a lone, lorn critter, tells of the awfulness of the world. The village belle and the Rustic Romeo. "Girls, girls, girls!" A matrimonial advertisement from a clinging little blonde named Golden-haired Flossie. Hink Spinney tries to propose to Evalina. "If I only had \$70!" Mrs. Spriggs astonishes the natives. "I'll make you think a Kansas tornado has struck your town." A moonlight serenade. The robbery. "Who stole my \$70?"

Act II.—John Jabe's hotel on the Fourth of July. A country wedding. Honeysuckle and the four rubes. "Skidoo is New York talk for scat." The Fairfield Road folks come to the wedding. Miss Dee's wedding present, a bottle of Miggins' Stomach Balm, good "fer every ailment in the human cistern." An unwilling bridegroom. Figg catches the thief—almost. The Chowder fire brigade. A suspicious bride with a temper. Deserted on her wedding morn. "We'll be as happy as two little twin cubebs." A double wedding and divided wedding presents. Figg recovers his \$70. Patriotic finale: On the Fourth of July.

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Pete Yansen's Gurl's Moder, 10 min.		1
Pickles for Two, 15 min.	2	
Pooh Bah of Peacetown, 35 min.	2	2
Prof. Black's Funnygraph, 15 m.	6	
Recruiting Office, 15 min.	2	
Sham Doctor, 10 min.	4	2
Si and I, 15 min.		1
Special Sale, 15 min.	2	
Stage Struck Darcy, 10 min.	2	1
Sunny Son of Italy, 15 min.	1	
Time Table, 20 min.	1	1
Tramp and the Actress, 20 min.	1	1
Troubled by Ghosts, 10 min.	4	
Troubles of Rozinski, 15 min.	1	
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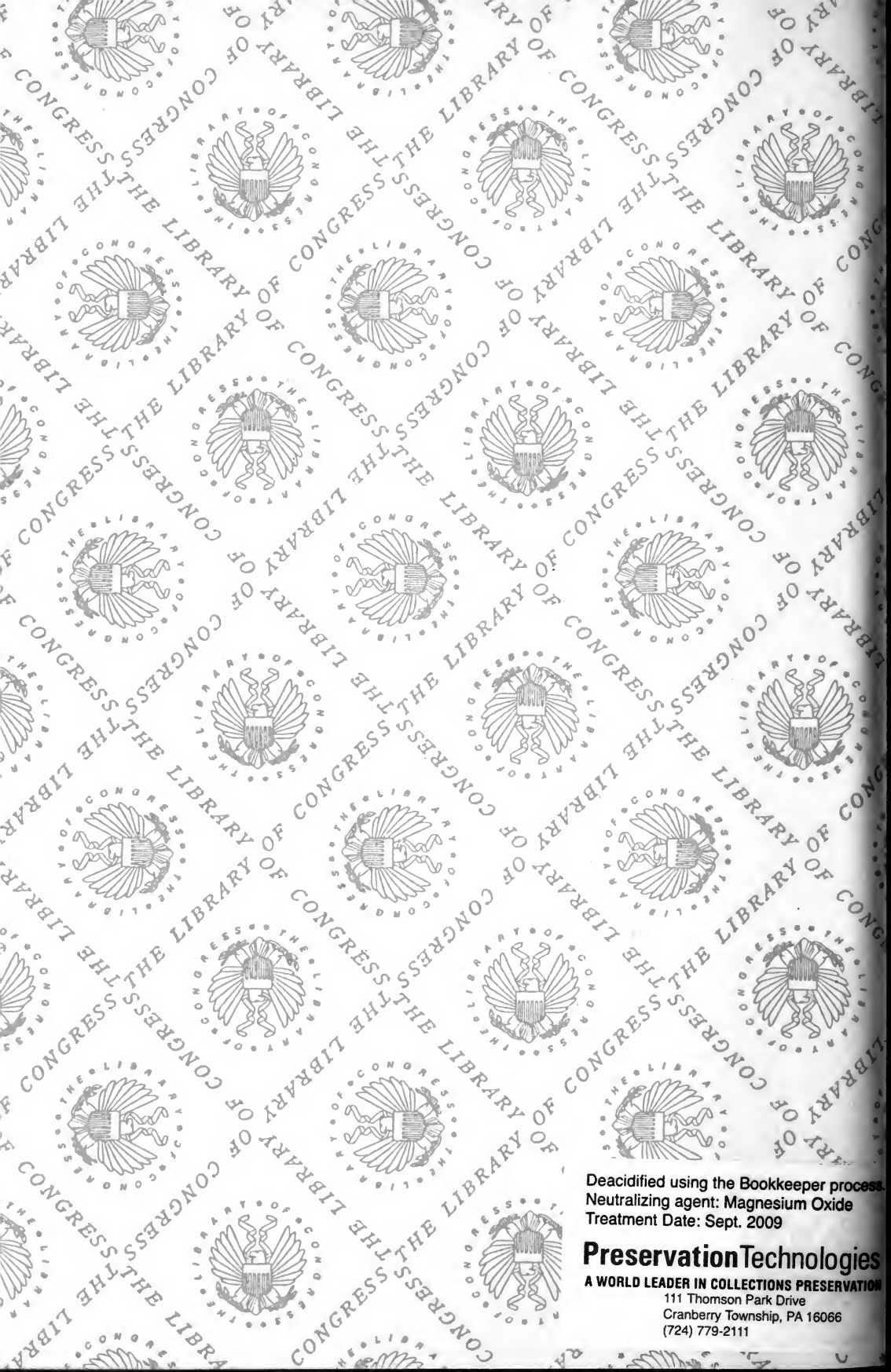
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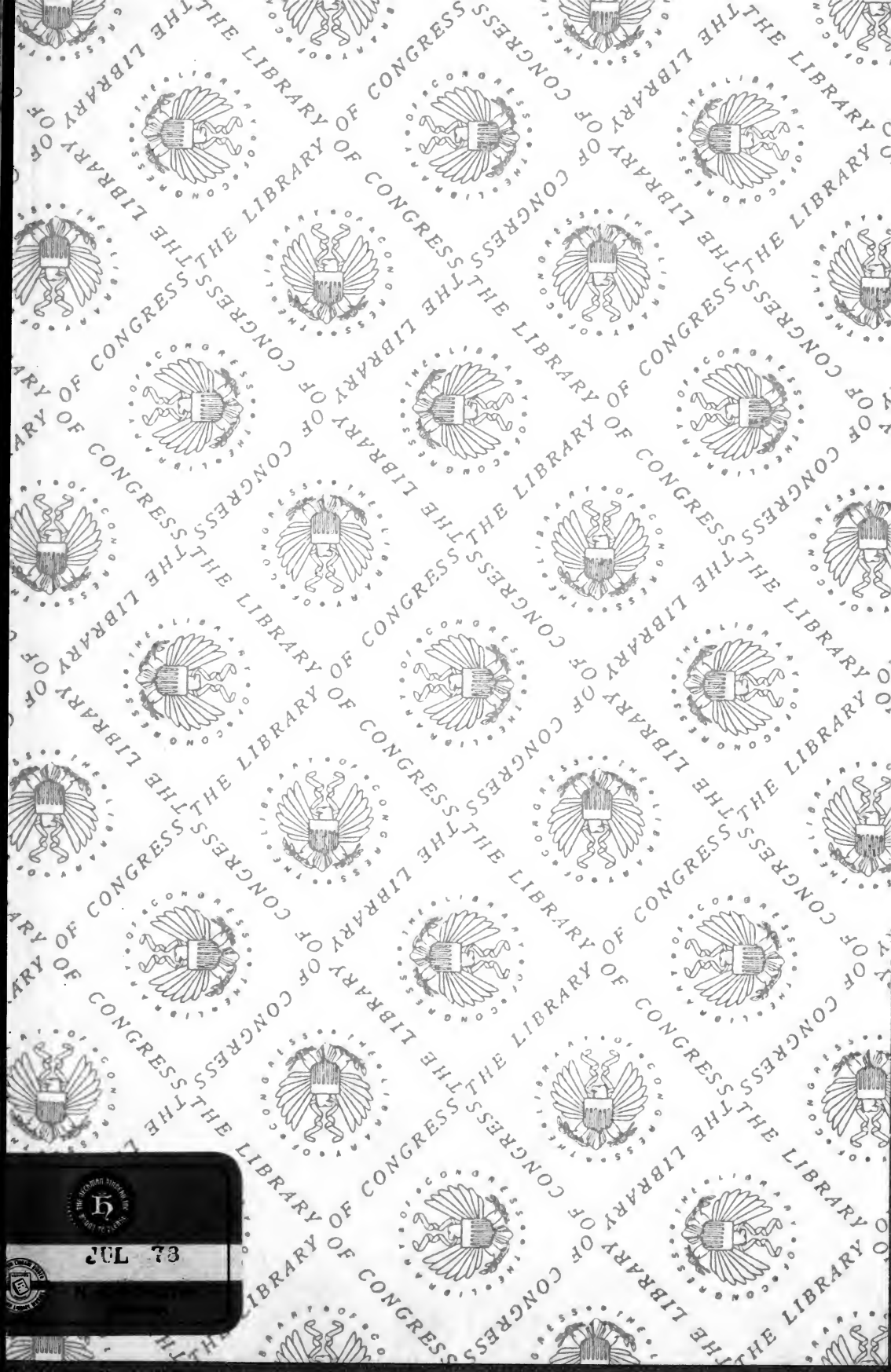


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